

# THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

APRIL, 1832.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. IX.

THE MODERN CLARISSA.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

THE works of Richardson are now nearly obsolete, and if, by an extraordinary chance, a volume meets the eye of a modern reader, she wonders how it could have been possible for her grandmother to peruse no fewer than eight of them, so closely printed, and so thick, in order to develop a story that might be told in a page. It is yet certain, that if she ventured to begin, and, instead of turning over the pages in quest of incident, would read quietly, and enter into the spirit and situation of the heroine, an interest of the purest and deepest tone would steal over her mind—the glow of indignation would suffuse her cheek—tears of the tenderest pity flow from her eyes—and her heart be sensible of re-echoing many a noble sentiment, or devout emotion, which the owner perhaps scarcely knew, till now, she was capable of experiencing. It is not less true, that she would be sensible, that if the persons of the drama were human beings with whom, as such, she could sympathize, yet that the state of society in which they acted, or suffered, was as foreign to her own observations in life as a drawing-room in China, or a *converzatione* in Kam-schatka, could be. *Nous avons changé tout cela*—beauty is no longer such a rarity as to become an object of worship to good men, or excite even bad ones to actions the hangman alone could justly recompense. Mothers

are now said to be the only manoeuvrers in the world of fashion, and few young ladies require compelling to marry, when the offer is accompanied by parchments and jewels, of half the value brought forward by the redoubtable Mr. Solmes.

But in the middle ranks of life, and in retired parts of the country, “such things are,” and may be again; therefore I venture to offer the early history of a dear and excellent friend, whose happy and busy life, as the mother of a numerous family, has probably induced her not only to forget the sorrow but the romance which once rendered it remarkable.

Miss Eberall,\* a maiden lady of good person, good fortune, and happy in a most respectable circle of acquaintance, resided in the immediate neighbourhood of a large manufacturing town, and devoted herself to the education of her only relative, the orphan daughter of a brother, to whom she had been always most tenderly attached, and whose misfortunes in the loss of property had rendered him only the more dear, and his child the more sacred deposit.

Little Marian was, indeed, a child that any one might have loved, for she was very pretty and gentle; and being sent, on the demise of her father, from London, appeared in the country to great advantage, on account of her pleasant voice, her total freedom from

\* The names are, of course, altered.

provincial vulgarity, and a precocity in her knowledge, which, at five years of age, made her a species of prodigy. To retain her infantine graces, and improve upon her early education, became thenceforth the sole object of her aunt's attention, and if not always judiciously pursued, her cares were at least most affectionately given, and most gratefully accepted—two persons more tenderly attached to each other I never remember to have known, but in that very tenderness, perhaps, sensibility was nurtured too much for the benefit of either.

So, at least, her neighbours thought, when, to the astonishment of every one, it was found that Miss Eberall had not only admitted but accepted a lover. True, he was a steady man, suitable in age and circumstances, very good-looking for his years; moreover a bachelor, and with no connexions save a nephew, who was about two years older than Marian, so that in every respect there was a similarity of situation and circumstances, that seemed to render the parties suitable for each other.

So thought the casual observer; but Marian, who was now about fourteen, dreaded the change, for she knew that her aunt had now a happy home, and was by no means assured that the bustling squire could render the old hall, of which he talked so proudly, equally pleasant to one whose habits were fastidiously neat, and whose will, however meekly expressed, had never yet been thwarted. The marriage soon proved that the poor girl's fears had been too well founded—the elderly bride, even in her bridal days, found herself bound to a tyrant, who had so long exercised power that he was unconscious of the effort save as it met opposition; on which occasion he became so tremendous, that his terrified and astonished partner yielded, with trembling solicitude, to every thing on which he insisted. Of course, like all despots, his will to rule increased with his sense of delight in the subjugation of those committed to his protection, and, in a short time, a nervous wife, and timid, unhappy niece, neither daring to speak above her breath, and each incapable of en-

joying the blessings of life, could fully attest his capability of governing his house.

By degrees, that house was deserted by the few acquaintance *he* had ever known, and it was much too distant from her late abode for those of his wife to visit there, so that poor Marian lost society at the period when she most wanted it. The occasional visits of young Belton, the nephew, were therefore periods of great relief to the ladies for a time, more especially the elder, for as the uncle had most graciously assured Marian that "if she was a good girl William should marry her," he was rather an object of fear than good-will to her. The declining health of her maternal friend (evidently the consequence of her secret though uncomplaining sorrow), the remembrance of her former pleasures, contrasted with the comfortless solitude of their secluded home, and the oppressive sense of awe under which she constantly existed, combined to give her an aversion to matrimony as the state which had produced the only miseries she knew, and the name and features of young Belton too much resembled those of his uncle to alter her prejudice in his favour. Her only refuge from sorrowful thoughts and vain conjectures for the future, lay in the well-stocked library, which the new dwelling reluctantly admitted as the only portion of the ladies' effects deemed worthy of removal.

Time passed—the oppressed and timid girl grew up an elegant and lovely young woman, though delicate to fragility, and so bashful that the stores of her well-informed mind were wholly unknown to common observers, although native eloquence, aided by habitual acquaintance with the best authors, under happier circumstances might have rendered her the charm of a polished circle. Even her commanding guardian had pride in the extent of her information, and the improvement of her person; and when she was a little turned of eighteen, as a mark of his especial favour, he determined that she should attend a course of philosophical lectures, to be given in the town from which she had so unhappily been removed.

The entertainment in question was given in the assembly-rooms, and Marian was not long before she was welcomed with pleasure by the former acquaintance of her aunt, who desired earnestly to inquire after her; and by one of these, Mrs. Langdale, she was taken more especially in charge, to the evident relief of her uncle, who had little interest in the disquisition he attended, and desired the liberty of sauntering about to recognize his friends.

The lady was accompanied by a son, in the first instance to Marian's annoyance, for he was a fine young man, and in his height and apparent age reminded her of young Belton, but his expression of countenance was very, *very* different, and his attention to his mother of a nature to prove to her that all men were not tyrants. To her own astonishment she found herself actually in conversation with him when the lecture was over, and although the discovery overwhelmed her with blushes, yet she finally obeyed her uncle's call to depart with a kind of gentle sorrow, that was far from painful in its impression.

Six journeys, six lectures, and six conversations, either of an animated or interesting kind, with a young man as artless, as clever, and as ingenuous as herself, opened a new world to Marian, and rendered the old one every hour more distasteful. Alas! at the last eventful meeting words were spoken, not less than looks exchanged, that could not be mistaken, though uttered in confusion and trepidation, and delayed too long, for sufficient was caught by the advancing and severe guardian to warrant his answer. In a few words Mr. Langdale was thanked for the intended honour, complimented on the high respectability of his family and his personal merit, and assured that Miss Eberall was engaged to his nephew.

What a complete reverse may a single sentence give to youthful hope and expected happiness! what a crush may it give to the warm heart! what a blight to the springing virtues which belong to its best affections! There are, nevertheless, some sensations so terrible that the young heart rejects

them as utterly untenable, and flings them from it by dint of its own buoyancy, until, more slowly acted upon by reiterated facts, it is compelled to receive them. Such was the case with Henry Langdale—every recollected look, every innocent, yet apparently well-weighed, expression of a tongue that knew no guile, told him "that Marian had been till now a stranger to love, and had unwittingly, and consistently with the purest maiden modesty, admitted him only to a slight preference;" but he would have given the wide, *wide* world to have been informed. Unconvinced and anxious, it was of course the business of his life to inquire how far the assertion of the uncle was founded on fact—how far, in his solicitude, he had admitted self-love to deceive him in his estimate of Marian's apparent partiality?

Every circumstance confirmed the declaration of the uncle: it was well known that young Belton (who being designed for the bar was now at Cambridge,) held himself as affianced to her, though he never adverted to what old writers call "love passages" between them—it was known, also, that her unwise aunt had no settlement, in consequence of which Marian was entirely dependent on a man capable of the most heartless cruelty, yet not unequal (when he effected his will) to the most munificent liberality. To this it was added, "that young Belton was a man any woman might admire, as he was handsome and accomplished in a high degree, and possessed a fine paternal estate, in addition to his expectations from an uncle who held him to be peerless.

Notwithstanding these assurances, Henry Langdale nourished (but it was only in his heart's core,) a species of incredulity as to Marian's predilection, which served no other purpose than to render him restless and uneasy. His parents and sisters guessed the cause, and being themselves satisfied on the subject, in consequence of their inquiries, left no means untried to wean him from a passion it might soon be sinful to indulge. Their efforts were not ineffectual: he was still very young, and naturally of a



lively and inquiring mind—new scenes, new books, music, and friends, in a few months rendered him as cheerful as usual, but with a mind more matured, and a heart still more affectionately disposed towards his near connexions.

Meantime Marian had been peremptorily told, that at the end of one year she must marry young Belton, who would then take possession of his own house in the neighbourhood. A distant evil is seldom considered one by the young, and a whole year is an age under twenty; so that for some months, and during the absence of her affianced lord, Marian allowed herself to dwell too much on the past to fear the future, and though she uniformly declared "that she would rather not marry," neither offered the resistance of words or tears.

But when the lover himself arrived, and actually professed not only an intention of embracing his uncle's views, but a long cherished passion, the case was widely altered; and now began a system of coercion exceeding even that under which poor *Clarissa Harlowe* suffered; for though there was no taunting sister, or commanding brother, to aid the principal, there was, in the alarming sickness, the tender entreaties, of her aunt, a power for the most part found to be irresistible, for if

"She did not speak,  
She look'd in her face till her heart was  
like to break;"

and every young and amiable mind will readily conceive how difficult it must be to withstand such an appeal from such a friend. It is true Mrs. Belton at times faintly resisted the tyranny thus exercised, but it was at such a risk that Marian could not endure her consequent sufferings, and often, if not in words, yet by her manners, did she induce both uncle and nephew to believe that she would be brought freely to consent, under the dread of losing her aunt if she did not; but they were certain that should the poor woman die, the prospect of utter want and destitution would not compel her, since it was evident that her original distaste to the match

was increased a hundred-fold by the means taken to induce her to accept it.

Indeed, it was now evident that young Belton possessed enough of his uncle's spirit to render any woman, in possession of an unbiassed choice, justly afraid of marrying him, and as the evils of poverty are seldom admitted to be great ones by the uninitiated, Marian considered the reiterated threat of being turned out without a shilling as offering a welcome alternative. This was, however, the last thing intended, for instead of throwing her upon the world, she became a close prisoner in her own room, denied the presence of her aunt, and not unfrequently deprived of her customary meals; and the nearer the time fixed upon approached, the closer was her imprisonment, and the more numerous her mortifications. Books, pen and ink, even her embroidering materials, were at length denied her, and her own melancholy thoughts, or more melancholy notes from her suffering aunt, alone varied her time. Her health necessarily sank, her nervous apprehension of future hardships increased, and death, to which the young generally look as a certain cure for all troubles, occupied her thoughts continually, as the sole medium of relief her situation admitted.

At length she was told, "that all things being now ready for her removal, on the morrow she would be married; that her stubborn spirit being now broken, and her poor aunt almost killed through her obstinacy, it was supposed she might be trusted to conduct herself with decency," in which case she would be henceforward leniently treated. "At all events married you must be," said Mr. Belton; "for here is the licence, and Sally is bringing in the gloves and ribands. It is well known to Mr. Holmes (the clergyman) how diffident you are, so that blushes and hesitation will make no difference in his eyes; and since all the world knows your aunt's dangerous state, that will account for tears and fits, as well as the privacy of the marriage. You see I am prepared for all the airs you may give yourself, and so is my nephew;



and we will bend you, or break you, depend upon it."

Mr. Belton was called from his harangue by the information that the medical attendant of Mrs. Belton had just come in, and thinking it right that Marian should be seen by this gentleman, who had long inquired after her in vain, he commanded her to follow him to the dressing-room of her aunt, and, in a state of stupefaction, from surprise not less than sorrow, she mechanically obeyed.

Delight in the sight of her niece led in by her husband, gave such temporary relief to the invalid, that the doctor, after congratulating her, proceeded to chat, as he was wont, on the news of the country. He apologised for making so late a visit, but "he had been dining with his friends at Lea Farm, who had a little party to meet young Langdale from —, a very pleasant young fellow, who had inquired after them all, and would, he dare say, call before he returned home."

Mr. Belton would be happy to see him any day after to-morrow.

"Oh! he is come for a week I believe: you know the whole family went to his father's on his coming of age about a month ago: there was a grand ball, and I don't know what besides; they tell me that next year he is to be admitted a partner in his father's firm—a grand affair, eh! Mr. Belton?"

But Mr. Belton had time only to attend to his own affairs, for his niece's complexion varied with every word he uttered, and to his conscious eye her evidently difficult respiration proved an intention of seizing her last, her only opportunity, of trying to interest a fellow-creature in her cause: he lost not a moment in getting the doctor to his horse, and Marian to her chamber.

But a ray of light had broken on her mind, and, bewildered as she was by it, still it communicated a degree of comfort. Within five miles there existed one who could feel for her—who would relieve her were it possible. "If he should hear of her marriage—if he should approach the church—if—" But her very thoughts were crimes if known, and she sup-

pressed them as Betty entered with her supper, accompanied by a command from her master to eat heartily, in order that she might be strong for the morning, as a chaise would be at the door exactly at eight. "But," added the girl, in a whisper, "if you really do go, mississ will not live over it; for thof she have been forced to lay her commands on you, an' all that, she would rather see you in your coffin twenty times than know you married to young master; cause for why? she knows what'n a one he'll be. Now don't cry, miss, don't take on so, but bethink ee, cannot ee get off no-how?"

"There is a gentleman at Lea Farm, who, if he knew my situation would—I am sure he would—relieve me; but, alas! I have no means of writing—hark! my uncle is coming!"

"His name! his name! Miss?"

"It is young Langdale I mean: perhaps his mother is there, and if she knew— But it is too late—too late!"

"Yes," said Mr. Belton, "too late to be out of bed, if you don't mean to look like a ghost in the morning."

Betty slipped out of the room, but, by a look, showed that she left her own candle on the table, and the prisoner concluded it was for some given purpose, but as the door was locked as usual by her gaoler, she knew not by what means it could be re-opened. The idea of writing materials for a long time were uppermost in her mind, and she tried to arrange her thoughts for the purpose of using them, if the kind-hearted maid was enabled to procure them, but her mind was vainly taxed, her hopes uselessly awakened, no step broke on the stillness of night, and she was compelled to recur to her often-examined power of appeal, even at the altar, against the right usurped over her.

But on this scheme she had no reliance, for her natural timidity was now so increased by real weakness, that although the assurance of her aunt's sanction to her refusal was consolatory, it could not convey the resolution necessary; nor although she sought it by prayer, could she dare to rely upon herself for any exertion.

Whilst rising from her knees she thought she heard the voice of Betty, and became again alive to a thousand surmises and anxieties for the moment more overwhelming than her fears.

"Miss, miss, open the window this minute!"

The casement was instantly opened, and there, mounted on a ladder, appeared Betty's broad ruddy face.

"Doan't ye be feared, miss, give me your hand: then set your foot here: its but a bit of a way down. Be hush, for your life, or its all over with us every one; for if master hears, bang goes the gun. There, there, we are in the orchard, sure."

"But, Betty, where—where can I go to? what farther have you contrived for me, my good girl?"

"Why there *he* is, miss, close by the gate, with his gig, and the most beautifullest horse ever you see; so God bless ee, for into the house I must go, or for sure master'll murder me."

And there, indeed, was Henry Langdale, who, with few words, drew the trembling girl forward, arrayed her in Betty's cloak and bonnet, and placed her, more dead than alive, in the carriage. Before daylight they had reached Berry Bridge, whence they proceeded rapidly on the road to Gretna Green.

To this mode of proceeding Marian made no objection, nor gave any consent: it appeared to him, who was, perhaps, at this time rather a chivalrous than an impatient lover, the only proceeding honour and safety admitted; and although she might have known the first sufferings of a Clarissa, it is certain she had fallen into hands the very reverse of Lovelace. Shocked with the alteration in her attenuated person, grieved for the evident abstraction and overwhelming confusion of her mind, the partner of her flight addressed her with the delicacy and tenderness of a brother, and by every medium sought to reassure her, and to prognosticate that happiness for the future which he was, in fact, far from relying upon, for what would his own excellent and revered parents think of so strange a proceeding?

Staying not an hour at the place of destination they returned to Penrith,

where Mr. Langdale's first care was to place his yet unmarried bride under the best protection, that of the curate and his wife, who was also commissioned to publish their banns: his next care was to write to his parents a full account of Betty's midnight visit, and his own consequent flight, entreating forgiveness and money, of which useful commodity he was entirely denuded. Unfortunately, his parents were taking at the time a pleasurable trip, and the answer—an answer the kind and generous only could have written—did not reach the anxious pair till the hour when they were proceeding to church for the purpose of solemnizing their nuptials.

Never was a letter so dear, forgiveness so sweet, and the money it conveyed so welcome; and, therefore, few wedding-days have been so happy, and fewer still offered a more honest anticipation of future life. Yet, on their return, a very sensible sorrow awaited them; for so soon as he learnt their arrival, the brutal Belton compelled his wife to leave her sick bed, and placing her in a post-chaise, ordered it to the house of her niece. There, indeed, she was received with affection, and during the remainder of her life (which was only prolonged about three months,) experienced from Henry Langdale, not less than her niece, unbounded tenderness. The brutality of Belton ceased not with her life, for, consistently with his refusal to forward the clothes of either lady, he compelled her new friends to bury her; and at this very time, I believe, holds every shilling of her fortune, which he will unquestionably bestow on his nephew's family.

To elderly ladies, therefore, these facts may operate as a warning, how they bestow wealth at that period of life when there is little probability that they should excite any affection comparable with the ties of kindred. To the young it is merely a recapitulation of singular facts, which are little likely to meet with concurrent circumstances in their own case, and may innocently excite their pity and pleasure, in the contemplation of a couple who are at this time objects of admiration and esteem to all who know them.



## LOVE.

Oh ! Love, young love, the hope of ev'ry breast,  
 By all imagin'd, but by few possess'd !  
 Thou'rt found, and only found, in the high soul  
 That thrills to feeling's exquisite controul.—  
 The heart all fashion'd in the ways of guile,  
 Well practis'd in the world's deceptive smile,  
 Can never know thine all-absorbing pow'r,  
 Or the soft graces of Elvira's bow'r !  
 Lo ! Earth's vain son, misled by Fancy's flame,  
 Conceives a hope, and decks it with thy name—  
 A wild, bewild'ring hope, that has no stay  
 Beyond the bound of Passion's feverish sway.  
 A blind caprice impels the fitful pow'r  
 That lives—burns—blazes thro' its turbulent hour,  
 Leaving, alas ! the fond, deluded fair,  
 A victim to the workings of despair—  
 And the now lost and conscience-stricken swain  
 A maniac—and his endless portion pain.—  
 Oh ! how unlike the deep-enduring joy  
 That feels no dull stagnation of alloy !  
 What bliss ineffable attends its reign,  
 Uncheck'd by sorrow, and unchill'd by pain !  
 Not even Penury's *accursed* blight  
 Can dim the lustre of its hallow'd light !  
 Oh ! how unlike that all-devoting zeal  
 Which only those who purely love can feel—  
 Which beams the brighter as misfortune's low'r,  
 And smiles to bless in sorrow's bitterest hour !  
 No narrow interest, and no selfish aim,  
 But melts before its all-refining flame.  
 A cold half heart may sometimes dream of love,  
 And in small matters its affection prove :  
 But how unlike that bright, that ardent glow,  
 That fires the breast, and speaks along the brow !  
 A heav'nly spark—a pure intelligence  
 That chastens ev'ry grosser wish of sense.  
 Oh ! how unlike that all-absorbing pow'r  
 That sheds its rainbow tints o'er ev'ry hour—  
 'Tis life's bright promise to the youthful heart,  
 And the last hope with which in death we part !  
 'Tis written in music on the soul—the page  
 Deathless, itself can know no wasting age !  
 'Tis like the ocean boundless—like the sky  
 All radiant in its moon-lit brilliancy !  
 'Tis Passion's essence with hope, beauty rife—  
 'Tis the bright day-star of enraptur'd life !  
 A never setting, an unslumbering sun,  
 That harmonizes all it shines upon !  
 Ethereal spirit ! whose essence now I feel  
 In beatific promise o'er me steal !  
 Where is thy shrine that I may bend the knee,  
 And offer up my willing heart to thee ?  
 Where grateful breathe my soul's entrancing flame,  
 And link with all my love Elvira's name ?  
 Teach me the language of thy pow'rful spell,  
 Till my tongue burns with all my heart would tell !

But Thou art all immortal! and the tongue  
Must still to weak mortality belong!  
Thine only shrine that brightens here below  
Is stamp'd in beauty on Elvira's brow—  
Thine only voice is when her silver tone  
Falls on my heart to speak it all her own.

WM. M——, JUN.

### THE FLORAL GAMES.

BY CHARLES MAY.

A Toulouse il fut une belle,  
Clémence Isaure étoit son nom,  
Le jeune Lautrec brûla pour elle,  
Et de sa foi reçut le don.  
Mais leurs parens, pour eux cruels,  
S'opposaient à leurs tendres vœux—  
C'est ainsi que les cœurs fidels  
Sont nés pour être malheureux.

*Roman, par Florian.*

IN a similar strain of beautiful simplicity continues the romance of which the above lines form the commencement—one of the most tender and pathetic in the French language.

Who but must with a sigh acknowledge the sad truth so touchingly expressed in the two last lines of our quotation—

“ 'Tis ever thus the feeling heart  
Is born to be unblest!”

With what painful fidelity is it exemplified in the history of the unfortunate lovers who are the subjects of our narrative!

On a fine evening in May, 1553, the inhabitants of Toulouse were seen thronging to the ramparts of the town, which presented an unusual scene of gaiety and tumult. It was the vigil of the celebration of the Floral Games, and the troubadours from almost every province of France had assembled to contend for the prize of minstrelsy.

During several months previous to the period of which we are treating, the persecution of the Huguenots, or Protestant Reformers, had been carried on with unrelenting rigour.

The inhuman massacre of these unfortunate seceders from the Roman faith, which had commenced, with less severity, in the preceding reign, had extended to various quarters of the kingdom. Almost every town in France had been the theatre of horrors; the king himself had set the

example, by attending with his whole court at these barbarous sacrifices; and the few unhappy survivors were compelled to seek refuge in flight, or in a change of their religious tenets.

Yet not even these scenes of unparalleled atrocity, still fresh in the memory of the people, could divert them from their passion for the sports and amusements of the day; and from the contemplation of horrors from which humanity revolts in disgust, the inhabitants of Toulouse returned with increased ardour to the celebration of the Floral Games—the simple institution of the age of chivalry.

The present anniversary was more largely attended by the inhabitants of the adjacent places, and the prizes seemed likely to be more ably contested, than they had been for many previous years.

I have observed that the inhabitants and visitors were assembled in unusual numbers on the ramparts of the town. Their great attraction was the presence of many of the minstrels who were on the morrow to exhibit their skill.

These musical wanderers were delighting their auditors with specimens of their “conynge art,” and, from their present essays, various were the sage conjectures of the latter as to the success of the competitors. As the night advanced, the crowd gradually dispersed, and ere the clocks from the churches of the town had given notice



that there wanted but an hour to midnight, a few straggling parties alone remained. Among these loiterers were two individuals, whose stay had apparently been protracted by their admiration of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which lay in unbroken stillness beneath the clear light of the newly-risen moon.

As they retired, the following conversation commenced:—

"Dost thou know," asked the first speaker, "what fair dame is to preside as mistress of morrow's festivals?"

"The lovely daughter of the governor," replied his companion; adding, "they say she is, ere long, to wed the Count de Charolles, who tomorrow, it is rumoured, will enact the minstrel in her praise."

The speakers were not aware that their conversation had reached the ears of a third person—a youth, in the habit of a troubadour—who had followed them at a short distance, and unintentionally overheard this portion of their dialogue. He seemed, however, to have caught sufficient to awaken the most painful feelings. Stopping short, and folding his arms in his cloak, he hurriedly retraced his steps to the ramparts.

"And is it so," he at length ejaculated, in perfect English, "has Emile consented to become another's? Have the vows she has so often plighted me been plighted but to betray? Is the heart that once was all my own estranged? It cannot be! Yet what am I—an exile—an outcast—that still I should claim her regards? At the time when I aspired to her affection, I was in rank, in prospects, her equal; but now—dishonoured, despised, even my name banished, as unholy, from her lips—I can but be forgotten, or only live in her contempt. Why, why did I enter these walls, and hazard existence to prove myself what most I dread—an alien from her heart? Yet no, I will not doubt her—at least, till I have proof I will not think her false. Though discovery be certain death, I will see her, and from her own lips hear my sentence. For this I have ventured hither—for this I have adopted the

minstrel's guise, that I may visit the scenes of my early delights, and look on the only face I love."

As the youth concluded he left the place. In repairing to the hotel at which he sojourned, his road lay through the public gardens that surrounded the residence of the governor. Striking out of the path, he repaired to a well-known spot in the interior; it was blooming in all the luxuriant beauty of spring.

"And do these fairy scenes still smile as sweetly as when, with Emile at my side, I roved among them? Ah, no," continued he, as he approached a large spring rose-tree, in the last stages of decay, "this once-loved tree, conscious of our impassioned interviews, has not long outlived our happiness. This tree, in happier times, was planted by *her* hand; with water from the adjacent fountain I have revived its flowers, when fading in the noontide glow. Now, bereft of our fostering care, and sharing our adversity, it pines in lone neglect. How well it emblems my frustrated hopes—my seared and blighted heart!" Awaking from his painful reverie, the youth left the walls, and repaired to his hotel.

Among the many simple and romantic institutions which owed their origin to the age of chivalry, and with which France, till the period of the revolution, especially abounded, *Les Jeux Floraux*, or *Floral Games*, stand pre-eminent. A brief account of their origin may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Clemence Isaure, the heiress of an ancient family resident at Toulouse, had been the destined bride of a nobleman whose high connections and extensive estates rendered his alliance desirable in the eyes of her father. The heart of Clemence was not, however, to be purchased by the splendours of rank and affluence—her affections were bestowed on the young and gallant Lautrec, who, with equal ardour, returned her passion. Menaces were in vain employed by the stern Alphonse to win his daughter to his purpose.

"Kill me, my father," cried the fond girl, sinking imploringly on her

knees, "take the life thou gavest me, but forego thy cruel resolve; for oh, my heart can never be another's!"

"Once more, girl, wilt thou consent, or shall a convent's changeless gloom be thy portion?"

"I thank thee, my father, for the alternative—a convent, a dungeon—any, any torture, rather than wed the man I abhor!"

"It is enough," cried the inhuman parent, turning from his weeping child. By his command the domestics bore her to a lonely apartment in the castle, which was to be her prison. Her lover discovered the place of her confinement, and, to use the words of the poet,

"Though menaced with a father's rage,  
Beneath her tower pours forth his plaint,  
As mourns the bird around the cage  
Where pines his mate in lone restraint."

On the second evening of her incarceration, the unhappy Clemence had retired to her pallet, to weep, but not to sleep, when her lover's voice beneath her prison roused her from a painful reverie. She sprang to the grated window, and immediately beneath discovered the form of Lautrec, his hands stretched imploringly towards her, and his expressive countenance beaming sorrow and tenderness.

It was a calm and lovely night; the full moon threw a silvery light on the surrounding scenery, which, in all the verdure of mature spring, lay in unbroken serenity beneath. Not a breath of air obstructed his voice, as, in tremulous accents, it reached her.

"It is impossible," she replied, after she had listened to his impassioned solicitations that she would attempt an escape, "we must yield, Lautrec, to our unhappy destiny—brighter days may yet be ours: then let us part, and let hope support us amid present ills."

The lover gazed on the face of his mistress—her lips whispered of hope, but the calm expression of despair stamped on her pale features spoke more truly that her heart was a stranger to its cheering influence.

"Go, Lautrec," she continued, "thy country's cause demands thy arm—let passion nerve thee to deeds

of proudest valour; thou mayest, perchance, win a guerdon of renown that shall content my father's ambition. And if, if—" she wildly added, "a glorious death await thee, Clemence will mourn thy fate, and cherish thy memory. Take with thee these flowers, the pledge of our hearts' plighted vow. The eglantine is the flower I love; the violet's hue will remind thee of her under whose colours thou hast fought; and the marigold may emblem the sorrows of our hearts. This wreath, in after-hours, will bring to mind our love and our despair." She pressed the flowers to her lips, and threw them from the casement.

"Yet one word more," cried Lautrec: "say thou wilt not wed the count!"

"Thinkest thou, then, the vows I have plighted thee can be lightly transferred to another? Lautrec, my heart is thine, and only thine—nor can time and absence, and a father's severity, estrange it."

The lover's impassioned reply was interrupted by the entrance of the father of Clemence; the maiden hastily retired from the window, and Lautrec reluctantly departed.

At this period the ravages of the English were carried into every corner of France. Lautrec joined the forces of his country, and distinguished himself by acts of unparalleled heroism. A detachment of the English troops having advanced upon Toulouse, the youth, with all a lover's speed, flew to the protection of his beloved.

Already had the besiegers effected an entrance into the town when Lautrec arrived. Among the few warriors who still resisted the invaders there was one whose conspicuous daring had drawn on him their concentrated rage. It was Alphonse, the father of Isaure; Lautrec flew to his succour, rescued him from danger, but fell mortally wounded in the attempt.

Animated by his example, and burning to avenge his fall, the townsmen rallied vigorously, and compelled the enemy to retire.

"'Tis too late—the hand of death is on me!" cried Lautrec, as the warriors thronged round him, proffering assistance.



"Cruel father," ejaculated he, as Alphonse leant mournfully over him, "mine and thy child's entreaties thou couldst spurn; to thy cruelty I owe my sorrows; but revenge is mine, and gladly with my blood I purchase it! Thy child—oh, let her not feel aught of thy severity—tell her, I charged thee with my last farewell; and carry her these blood-stained flowers, my heart's best treasure still!"

He attempted to press the bouquet to his lips; the effort overcame him; the flowers fell from his grasp, and he sank lifeless into the arms of his attendants.

Calmly did Clemence receive from the hands of her father the dying gift of her lover—calmly did she listen to his account of the self-devotion of the gallant youth.

"Was he not worthy your regard?" she at length exclaimed.

"He was all the proudest heart could wish," replied the old man, bursting into tears; "I only have proved unworthy. Blinded by ambition and avarice, I have rejected the noblest youth that ever proffered love, and thus undone him, and thee, too, my poor girl—for oh, thy calmness more alarms me than the wildest expressions of grief!"

The old man's apprehensions were just. Ere many days had elapsed, the spirit of the too faithful Clemence had fled to join that of her lover.

"Brief was the sufferer's hour of woe—  
Soon death appear'd, a welcome friend;  
Yet ere he still'd her trembling hand,

This last, this fond request it penn'd:—  
That every year the troubadours  
Who framed the sweetest minstrel-strain,  
In memory of her love and woe,  
Should each a golden flower obtain.

For this the Sons of Verse contend,  
And Melody exerts her skill;—  
Her country, faithful to her wish,  
Observes the pious usage still."\*

Such were the romantic incidents which gave rise to the "Floral Games." They were celebrated in the month of May: the prizes, which were a golden violet and a silver egg-lantine and marigold, were, till the period of the revolution, contended

for with an ardour characteristic of the age of chivalry. Entreating pardon of the reader for so lengthened a digression, we return to our history.

The place appointed for the contest of minstrelsy, at the period to which our story refers, was a chosen spot without the city. A temporary amphitheatre had been erected, with accommodations for the numerous auditors: an extensive area, with seats for the minstrels, being left in the centre. At an early hour the amphitheatre was crowded to excess, and the arrival of the queen of the ceremonies was only awaited, as the signal for the commencement of festivities. At length she came, attended by her father and the Count de Charolles, and was welcomed with the acclamations of the assembled thousands.

As varied as the subjects of their lays were the different degrees of merit possessed by the numerous competitors; few, however, elicited sufficient applause to warrant them in the presumption of ultimate success; and, contrasted with the dejection of their less fortunate rivals, how evident was the exultation of those few.

"Ah, never yet was bard unmoved,  
Where beauty smiled, or birth approved!  
For, though his song he held at nought,  
An idle strain, a passing thought,  
Child of the soul, 'tis far more dear  
Than aught by mortals valued here!"

Equally striking was the contrast between the delight and animation visible in the countenances of the numerous spectators, and the melancholy which, in despite of her efforts at concealment, clouded the fair features of Emile de Montigny: though the subject of general remark, the cause of her dejection was known but to few.

At an early age this young lady had been betrothed to Eugene St. Clair, the son of an English gentleman, who had embraced the reformed doctrine, and, during the religious persecutions that had their origin in the capricious tyranny of Henry VIII. had left his native country, and sought an asylum in France. In a few years this country also became the theatre of religious

\* From an original metrical translation of Florian's exquisite Romance.

dissensions. The reformation, or heresy, as it was termed, of the Huguenots, had begun to make rapid strides, and called forth the most remorseless persecution. Of course the known adherence of the father of Eugene to the reformed doctrines broke off all intercourse between his family and that of Montigny.

Compelled to seek safety in flight from Toulouse, the elder St. Clair had taken up his residence at Paris, and was one of the many ill-fated sufferers who perished in the indiscriminate slaughter of heretics in that city. Thus much had reached the ears

of the unhappy Emile; of the fate of her lover she was left in entire ignorance. Though, in obedience to her father's command, she had consented to receive the addresses of the Count de Charolles, her young and ardent heart could know but one impression. The reader has, we imagine, penetrated the mystery of her dejection.

Toward the conclusion of the games the affianced husband of the lovely Emile left the seat which he had occupied at her side, and, advancing into the area, received his lute from the hand of a page, and sang to the praise of his mistress the following

## CANZONET.

"I sought in the tented field  
To snatch the guerdon, fame;  
I taught the foe to yield to my arm,  
And won a glorious name.  
Yet, though its wild breath fill'd me,  
No lasting joy could it yield me!  
I sought in the glittering court  
To rove the gayest there,  
The envy of each proud chevalier,  
The chosen of the fair.  
Yet soon I fled, disgusted,  
For vainly had I trusted.  
In the love of a guileless breast  
I sought a refuge dear:  
My tir'd heart joys in its resting-place,  
Oh, long may it linger there!—  
Then farewell, fame and splendour,  
Be mine a bliss more tender!  
From the glare of burnish'd helms,  
From gold and jewels bright,  
I turn with exulting throb to gaze  
On Beauty's eyes of light.  
Than glittering gems and lances,  
How dearer far their glances!"

Apparently heedless of the applause which followed the conclusion of his ditty, the singer fixed his eyes on his intended bride, who, pale and agitated, shrunk from his ardent gaze.

He was retiring, with every prospect of having outstripped his competitors, when a youth advanced into the area. His attire formed a striking contrast to the gay habiliments of his musical

rivals. He was enveloped in a cloak, and wore a large hat, which effectually concealed his features.

With a graceful obeisance to the governor and his daughter, he struck his lute to a plaintive prelude. As his fingers ran over the strings, the cheek of Emile assumed a death-like paleness. He sang to a melancholy air the following

## SONG.

"'Mid once-lov'd bowers a youth beheld  
A rose-tree sinking in decay,  
And while sad thoughts his bosom swell'd,  
'Twas thus he pour'd his pensive lay:—



'Rose-tree, but late how charming thou,  
When 'neath thy bowering shade I swore,  
In echo to another's vow,  
Each day more fondly to adore.

'Rose-tree, how lovely were thy flowers,  
Pluck'd by her hand to wreath my brow,  
Once brightest of these fairy bowers,  
Alas, their beauty's faded now!

'I've water'd thee from yon clear rill;  
How memory still the toil endears—  
A kindred task, though sadder, still  
Is mine—to bathe thee with my tears!

'Rose-tree, thy vigour's dying fast—  
My heart is deeper struck than *thine*,  
But cannot die—my woes must last—  
Ah, why may not thy fate be mine?' "

In tones of the most melting pathos the minstrel's voice died away. As he ceased he sank back on the seat, and, covering his face with his hands, remained awhile, apparently absorbed in painful reflection.

The deep silence which followed the conclusion of his song, evinced how powerful had been its effect upon the feelings of the audience. Ere long, however, their applause burst forth in deafening acclamations, and the young minstrel was hailed the victor by the united voices of all assembled.

The sudden indisposition of Emile checked their tumultuous expressions of approbation. As the youth advanced to receive from her hand the proud reward of his exertions, he for a moment raised his beaver; *that* moment sufficed to discover to the lady his well-remembered features—it was Eugene St. Clair—her former lover—the proscribed and persecuted Huguenot!

The conviction that the least sign of recognition would be fatal to her lover, rushed on the agonised mind of Emile. She threw toward him the golden flower he had won, and turned hastily away. The attempt to master her feelings overcame her, and she sank senseless to the ground. Her lover threw on her one look of lingering fondness, and escaped amid the confusion that ensued.

Though attributed by the audience to fatigue and the excitement of the moment, the indisposition of Emile had been by *one* person present more

truly accounted for. In the person of the victorious minstrel, who had wrested the prize from him, De Charolles was not slow to discover, through his assumed disguise, his successful rival in the affections of Emile. This conviction had not struck him till too late to prevent the escape of Eugene from the place.

"May I request, sir," said he to the governor, after Emile had been removed, "that you will instantly order the gates of the town to be closed, and the departure of strangers to be prohibited."

The order was immediately issued.

"Now, count, your reason for this precaution," said the governor.

"The minstrel whose successful efforts we have just witnessed," replied De Charolles, "is, I am persuaded, none other than the English Huguenot, Eugene St. Clair."

"Impossible!" ejaculated De Montigny.

"Till convinced by circumstances, I myself could scarcely deem him possessed of daring enough to venture hither," replied the count; adding, "I suspected him from the first; and when I consider his late arrival in the area, his efforts at concealment, and the effect produced upon thy daughter by his discovering himself to her—for I observed him raise his beaver as he approached her—my suspicions are confirmed. Our care, at present, is to prevent his escape."

The blood flew from the cheek of the governor, as a full conviction of

the unhappy youth's danger rushed upon him. His evasive reply to the count's urgent request that an immediate search should be commenced, excited the suspicions of the latter.

"Thou wouldst not, De Montigny, connive at the escape of a traitor and an heretic?" said he.

"Heaven forefend!" ejaculated the governor, whose personal apprehensions triumphed over every other feeling. An immediate search was instituted, the result of which was the apprehension of the ill-fated Eugene.

Peremptory orders for the immediate slaughter of every Huguenot who might be discovered had been issued by the court of France, and the governor had no alternative but that of subjecting himself to the severest penalty of the law, or of dooming to a cruel death the young and noble foreigner, the man he had once proudly hailed as the affianced husband of his child.

Is it to be wondered that on the breast of an ambitious man and a bigot, the entreaties of that child made no impression? Is it to be wondered, that in vain the unhappy Emile knelt and implored mercy? The sarcasm of the malignant De Charolles rung in his ears, and steeled him to the calls of pity which even his own heart prompted.

A brief examination, which took place immediately after his apprehension, and which terminated in his open and exulting avowal of his religious tenets, was the only trial to which the unhappy youth was admitted.

We shall not do De Montigny the injustice to deny that his feelings were powerfully excited; though an ambitious man, he was not devoid of sensibility; and even had not his own interest been awakened for the ill-fated Eugene, still a regard for his daughter's happiness would have been no mean inducement to his adoption of less rigorous measures. Ambition, however, stifled his better feelings; and, in complying with its dictates, he attempted to silence the reproaches of conscience, by attributing to a stern regard for justice the severity of his conduct.

At an early hour on the following

morning the ill-fated Eugene appeared on the scaffold. Attended only by his guards, and uncheered in his hour of trial by the voice of a friend, the victim of relentless bigotry advanced to the fatal spot—that spot, still stained with the blood of many a fellow-victim who had preceded him in suffering, and fallen, "a blessed martyr," in the same glorious cause.

Had not the breasts of the spectators been steeled to pity by the demon Superstition,

—"Which deludes the mind,  
And makes it to each tenderest feeling  
blind,"

they could not have looked unmoved on the youth and manly beauty, and, above all, the un murmuring resignation, which appeared on the countenance of the condemned, as he knelt awhile in silent but fervent prayer. As he arose from his knees, a priest advanced on the scaffold, and commenced an exhortation.

"Waste not your words," interrupted Eugene; "I have too long clung to the creed for which I die, to become a convert to a faith whose principles this blood-stained scaffold may declare. Does the butcher taunt the lamb that writhes beneath his knife? Here, on the altar of your bigotry, immolate your victim, but add not insult to cruelty!—Yet tarry, father," he added, as the priest was departing; "I pray thee, convey to the Lady Emile this flower—tell her I purchased it at the price of life, and present it as an offering not all unworthy her acceptance."

As he spoke, he delivered into the hands of the father the golden flower he had won—the fatal prize of his minstrelsy.

An involuntary shudder thrilled the breasts of the spectators as the blood of the noble and gallant youth streamed forth, and his headless trunk rolled on the sand. For a moment the rage of superstition was quelled; the germ of pity, never wholly extinct in the human breast, revived; and eyes which before had gazed in savage exultation on their victim, now melted into tears.

Silent and depressed the crowd dispersed, while every face wore a gloom

that well accorded with the tragic scene that had been witnessed.

In sealing the doom of the unhappy Eugene, De Montigny had for ever blighted his ambitious prospects. His daughter, on whose union with De Charolles rested all his hopes of aggrandisement, could not withstand the

shock ; and the first news of her lover's condemnation sounded the knell of her expiring reason. In speechless agony the father gazed on his maniac child, and deeply execrated a severity that had rendered him doubly bereaved.

\* \* \*

"Come, Eugene, our lov'd rose-tree is dying,  
Bring water from yonder rill—  
Its flowers for thy care are sighing,  
Thy care that can freshen them still—  
Without thy kind hand, love, to cherish,  
Our favourite tree will perish !  
Ah, why is thy hand so slow, love?—  
Oh, God ! how it trembles in mine !—  
They told me thy dear head lay low, love,  
That Emile could never be thine !—  
Yet I knew it was but to deceive me,  
For oh, thou never couldst leave me !  
Unkind ones, they say the green grave, love,  
Hides thee for ever from me.  
They tell me my wild accents rave, love,  
Whenever I've converse with thee !—  
Yet why is my rose-tree thus slighted?—  
Ah, come !—or its flowers will be blighted !"

Such were the wild strains that burst from the lips of the maniac maid, as she sat at the grave of her lover, strewing it with the faded flowers of her favourite tree.

Her father, too late indulgent, would not impose restraint upon her, contenting himself with having her closely attended. At times, however, she would escape the vigilance of her attendant, and repair to her favourite haunt. In one of these wanderings

she was absent beyond her accustomed time. Repairing to the well-known spot, her attendant found her reclined on the grave of her lover. Her gentle spirit had fled to join his, in realms

"Where love eternally is blest !"

No stone marks the spot where, side by side, they rest ; yet shall their memory live,

"When column and recording bust  
Moulder in congenial dust !"

## THE LAST LAY OF THE HERMIT.

TO ZOE.

ZOE, I've hung my harp upon the wall,  
No more to breathe one note, not e'en of thee :  
My little store is out, thou hast it all,  
The heart—the Hermit—and the melody.  
For many a year, enamoured of thy worth,  
My every prayer and thought were for thy weal ;  
Thou wert my all, my only pride on earth,  
No separate int'rest could my bosom feel.  
But now the clock, like the cold hand of Time,  
Points to the steep down which my footsteps bend,  
I hear a long farewell upon its chime—  
Farewell, farewell, my dearest, only friend !



## CANZONET.

I WOULD NOT REPROACH THEE.

BY JAMES KNOX.

I WOULD not reproach thee, although  
 Thou art fickle and false as the wind,  
 And the soft words that used from thy sweet lips to flow  
 Are chang'd to a tone so unkind.  
 But I smile in thy presence, and seem  
 As if still I with pleasure could glow,  
 While those smiles to my heart, are like roses that beam  
 On a ruin which moulders below !  
 And yet, though thy cruelties fling  
 O'er my spirit a dark'ning eclipse,  
 They have never, oh ! never, been able to wring  
 One bitter remark from my lips.  
 Yes, spite of the anguish I feel,  
 Thou art precious as ever to me,  
 If I sigh out a wish—it is but for thy weal—  
 Or pray—it is only for thee !

## LAST LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Oh, Love ! no habitant of earth thou art !—*Lord Byron.*

So much has been said and sung, in prose and verse, in history, novel, romance, drama, and in epistles ; written, engraven, etched, painted, and delineated, on the subject of first love, that it would be quite superfluous to name it further than as a contrast to *last love*. First love—the spring-flower of youth, the child of passion, twin offspring of fancy, and enchanting dream of novice-nature—has held its sway in all ages, climes, countries, and orders of beings, transporting and inflaming, delighting and deceiving, by turns, as the blind god has chosen to deal with his votaries. That feeling, which is described by many as never visiting again the enamoured breast ; that throb which poets and lovers express as *unique* ; that witchery which love at first sight, or love for the first time imparts, has acquired a character of pre-eminence which we firmly believe it not to be entitled to. “First love is never forgotten,” say some : “like an early flower it never blooms but once, then its season is past ; because *first* love, like Alpha in the alphabet, occurs no more in the list of loves and letters.” Unfortunately,

however, there are early loves which have been recorded by certain writers so often, and early passions which have intervened so frequently in certain bosoms, that they are far more similar to annuals than perennials ; whilst *last love* must be *conclusive*. We mean not those loves which, like dramatic representations, amatory scenes, got up by vanity and voluptuousness, and which have their last times but one, two, or three, their *last time*, and *positively last time* of representation, but the last, fixed, immutable, and interminable sentiment of affection and sympathy, which, deeply rooted in the human heart and mind, clings to the one and engrosses the other, until the cold hand of death extinguishes the flame which even then glares in our embers, and, whilst Memory holds her seat in the survivor's brain,

“ Still sadly dear,  
 Thrills in a thought, and trembles in a tear.”

The violet smiles in fragrance on us but once in the year : so does the rose ; but which does our feeling cherish the most ? which is dearest

to us? That which is at once loveliest, sweetest, and most permanent, must delight us most: to the first impression of fancy the former may be attributable, but to experience, enjoyment, and grateful remembrance, the latter owes its high value and excellence. Even this is not all that can be urged in favour of *last love*, which argues an immeasurable degree of admiration, transcending all that we have ever previously experienced, a greater portion of attraction, and a faculty of attachment which supersedes every other sensation of mutual delight that the mind could imagine, or the heart feel a new life from. Nor does this *last love* depend so entirely on time and circumstance as first impressions do; novelty, softness, nay, sometimes, even solitude, engender the one; the surprise created by beauty at first sight, the flexibility of young hearts, the emerging from loneliness to gentle society, create a *penchant* which is as irresistible as it is frequently mutable. Infant affections, like infant growth, are lovely and innocent, but, alas! instead of binding us in the permanent chain of love, we generally outgrow them, and, if nought of the regretful or imprudent mar them, they disunite themselves by assuming the weakened form of reminiscent friendship; whilst love, bestowed on worth and loveliness together, is coeval with our existence from the happy hour that fixed us to the beloved object. Constancy is inseparable from *last love*, first love but imagines it. Change, after *first love*, arises from having mistaken the pure flame for one enkindled by unholy hands, or from meeting with more attraction, against which the inclinations are not proof. Jealousy banishes *first love*, with *last love* it has no connection; we cannot be jealous of the being on whom our attachment rests, on that second self, which is inseparable from our imagination, the inspirer of our best feelings, the encouragement of our energies, the reward of our fidelity and devotion. With *last love* the (till then) restless spirit finds repose; *first love* is generally restless, uneasy, susceptible, violent, and intemperate;

APRIL, 1832.

*last love* is firm, assiduous, confident, and mild, all tenderness and truth. Habit is sometimes mistaken for *last love*, but it differs widely from it: habit has none of the unwearied attentions, gratifying preferences, sensitive sympathies, and indescribable *douceurs* of *last*, undeviating love. Nor would we, for a moment, be mistaken as encouraging changefulness in quest of that happy passion: it is not necessary to have loved before and to have been deceived, or to have deceived ourselves, in order to fix at last with an unchanging love; on the contrary, the flutterer will most probably never meet with a lasting love, the libertine can never know it. Last love *may* be the first and last, but the case is rare; early passions are the children of desire, which cannot be permanent unless strengthened by boundless confidence, rooted esteem, a looking-up to the beloved, either from superior abilities, mind, (a noble ingredient in the tender passion,) or from gratitude for happiness (not of a season), and for the greatest benefit which can be bestowed on another—the unqualified and irrevocable gift of heart for heart. *First love* commonly loses all its blandishments and graces when the hand of Time alters the features of the face; *last love* has laid its account to all the contingencies of time and fate, so that the charms of youth, and of riper years, are hallowed by remembrance, endeared by possession, and rendered tenderly interesting by the regrets which lovingly accompany their decay; and when we feel the solicitous fears of losing what never can be restored to us, who would not look with affection on the ruin of that structure which was his or her pride, refuge, home, and shelter? The society of our *last love* creates all these feelings: our pride is the beloved, our refuge, home, and shelter, exist in the solace of gentle hours, the out-pourings of the heart in confidence, the seekings of advice, the satisfaction which we feel in knowing that our bosom-friend is admired and esteemed by others, yet wholly ours. Home is with her, neither depending on climate nor place; the companion of the soul,

the partner of our affections, bears every where the warm climate of comfort with them — with them is *last love*. The romantic characterizes *first love*, together with what the French ingenuously, or rather fancifully, term *l'aimable folie*; there may be some romance in *last love*, but it is more real; *amiable folly* (if so it may be called, for it is a plant of foreign growth,) is not one of its ingredients. The heart is first opened by the incipient passion, it is closed for ever by the conclusive inclination: filled with the object of its choice, it has no room for rivals, inclinations, or *égaremens*. A first object very seldom indeed is loved on to the close; the last must be so; for the loss of the bosom-friend produces the widowhood not of wedded life only, nor of the weeds and outward machinery of woe, whether the nuptial ceremony has been performed or not, but of the heart; and here again we only treat of pure love, such as may have been attached to one beyond their reach, and who, on that account, have never entered into the married state, expecting, or not losing sight of, some future prospect of an honourable union; or being single because they are convinced that they could not elsewhere be happy in a partner for life. *Last love* may therefore be of the married, or the single, and be the portion of the expectant, the happy enjoyer of wedded bliss, or of the solitary mourner of disappointment and despair; it may also exist in Platonic attachments, well suited to souls of sensibility, under restraints which honour, duty, or imperious circumstances may impose upon the parties; but this Platonic affection is doubted by the herd, sneered at by the worldling, denied by the sensualist, and unfit for ordinary beings.

“The tender excess that enamours the heart,  
To few is imparted, to thousands denied,  
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,  
For fools scoff at that for which sages have died.”

So it is with *last love*: few, indeed, have dedicated whole years, all their youth, nay, even a whole life, or the

most valuable part of it (the thinking season thereof), to one object; have followed the fortunes of that last love through all their vicissitudes, and cherished the same constant feeling with unabated zeal and energy, whether the object of that attachment was tender friendship, or faithful matrimony. Many have said, “I can never love another;” but those only are convinced that all previous ideas of attachment were but a delusion, who see, in their lover, their world, their all: those whose life and time are mostly devoted to one only being can know what *last love* is: the happy bride in such a case may exclaim—

“Je ne vois que toi, je ne connois que toi,  
Le Cœur de mon epoux est l'univers pour moi.”

The less happy lover may sigh for such an existence, and, however distant it may appear, hope will be his star; nor will he cease to look up to it until the voyage of life be o'er: this, also, is true love—*last love*.

The difficulties and embarrassments attendant on a first declaration of the tender passion, the blush, the hesitation, render it an object of fond reminiscence; but these, too, are the companions of all declarations where honour and delicacy are concerned. It is delightful to hear, for the *first time*, that we are beloved by those who have won our love, but it is more gratifying still to discover mutual feeling in the bosom of one who becomes dear to us on reflection, and therefore remains so to the end. Caprice gives, very frequently, a colouring to *first love*, the amount of which we mistake for a deeper-rooted sentiment: it is true that we look back to this enchantment, but esteem stamps *last love*, and it is beyond all other sensations of gratification. *First love* is the conquest made, *last love* is the conquest acquired and preserved: to captivate is one thing, to keep is another. There is a great alloy of pride and vanity in the conquest of hearts: the first is peculiarly pleasing to youthful ambition; absence (a great test of true affection,) is very apt to destroy *first love*, on *last love* it only acts as a stronger proof of its unalterable exist-



ence: with which observation we shall conclude, leaving our reader to examine the matter, and to decide thereon, after perusing the opinion of a very highly talented French lady, who favoured us with her sentiments as follows:—"L'absence," said she, "*est à l'amour ce que l'air est au feu*—absence is to love what air is to fire. If," added she, "the spark be weak, the first wind of frivolity will dissipate it, the changing breeze will disturb

the calm, and off will fly its light, its brilliancy, and its warmth; whilst the flame which is deeply and strongly enkindled will augment and gain force, spread itself more and more, and ardently continue until life's ashes are consumed." *First love is the spark, last love the flame which time and absence only strengthen.*

"Which time and absence still can brave,  
And warm our embers in the grave."

### A COMPARISON.

ROLL on, roll on, thou silvery stream,  
That sparklest brightly in the sun;  
Yet e'en if that withdraw its beam,  
Still will thy pure course onward run.  
Christian, view thy portrait there,  
How fit a type of thee!  
Thou, like that stream, dost nobly dare,  
To gain the ocean of eternity!

C. L. B.

### ADULATION; OR, THE NABOB.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,  
And merrily hend the stile—a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad one tires in a mile—a.

*A Winter's Tale.*

How just a picture is drawn in the above motto; and how true an insight into nature it displays! Who ever wearied of a walk when his spirits mantled high in joyance, or, who could trip lightly and untired along, with a load of sorrow in his bosom? Sundry philosophers have speculated much upon the miracle of walking, and, in vain, cudgelled their brains to discover why the legs, as if by their own volition, will perform their locomotive functions, even though the mind be employed upon very different subjects. Now, to my thinking, those same philosophers were fools! for had they spared themselves all that trouble, and consulted Will Shakspeare, they would have at once discovered beyond a doubt, that certain invisible nerves connect the toes with the heart, by the pulsation of which their movements are governed (without any assistance from the head), so that when

the latter is merry the former are inclined for dancing, but when otherwise, they are only fit to follow in a funeral train.

In the first mentioned mood it was, that a traveller was seen to trudge along the high road leading to —, in Sussex, one pleasant December afternoon. The season of the year was most certainly winter, yet the pedestrian was lightly clad in a buff jacket and trowsers, and straw hat, and the sun shone, as if to welcome the wanderer back to that home, to which for many years he had been a stranger.

"See, Alexander—see," he exclaimed to an African who kept slightly in the rear, and yet enough on one side to converse with his master, "see how much more beautiful these downs appear, than the arid plantations of the western hemisphere! What an enchanting prospect! What a divine landscape! How the frozen

shrubs sparkle in the sun! How clearly are the summits of yon hills defined in the dark blue heavens, and how animatedly gay is the entire scene!"

"Iss, massa," replied the black, peering around, "bery antedated, but him bery cole; me lubbee de warm sun and de nice fruit me lef in da torra country, massa!"

"Come, come, my lad, cheer up. We must have no damping reminiscence."

"Hee, he, he!" sniggered the negro.

"What the devil are you grinning at, sir?" cried his master.

"Noting, massa. Me only a tink-ing what dat *dam rummy nonsense mean*."

"You rascal, I'll have you whipped," cried the Englishman; then, smiling at his own warmth, he commenced singing the pedlar's song quoted at the head of our legend, and jogged on at a rate which evidenced how keenly the frost acted upon his sun-burnt frame.

Christopher Culpepper, for so was our hero named, was a man about thirty years of age. His person was short, but its square build gave token of great muscular power. His countenance was open as that sun which had imparted to it a tint resembling mahogany; and the benevolent, good-humoured expression which sat upon it, seemed to have been drawn direct from the same benignant orb, under whose influence he had been broiling for twenty years.

Kit, familiarly so termed, was well acquainted with the reverses of life. At the age of six years he was left an orphan, and consigned to the guardianship of a maternal uncle, y'clept Anthony Isinglass, Esq. of Isinglass Hall, —, Sussex. Nearly at the same period, an elder brother of Kit's sire was also gathered to his fathers, and left a boy, about the same age as Christopher, in an equally helpless condition; with this difference, a sum of thirty thousand pounds was vested for him in the funds, to be at his own disposal when of age, whilst Christopher, being child to a younger son of a somewhat prodigal turn, would only inherit a poor five hundred pounds.

Isinglass was a worldly-minded man, and always measured the scale of people's merits by the length of their purses. He consequently very soon discovered, that the "*youthful heir*," as he always termed Kit's cousin, was a boy of amiable disposition and gentlemanly manners; whilst young Culpepper, on the contrary, turned out an idle, unruly vagabond—at least so said his uncle. These facts being established, a systematic course of conduct was adopted to suit each boy. Culpepper the rich had fine clothes to wear, and Culpepper the poor, coarse ones. Culpepper the rich always dined at his uncle's table, and Culpepper the poor, at that of the servants. If a fault was committed, and the offender not known, Culpepper the rich passed unsuspected; but Culpepper the poor was surely flogged. Aunts and cousins, to the fifteenth degree, observed the same difference of behaviour towards the two orphans, so that Culpepper the rich was absolutely overwhelmed with toys and sweetmeats, whilst Culpepper the poor had scarcely any of either.

Matters proceeded thus until Christopher was ten years old, when his naturally independent spirit revolted at his servile condition, and he more than once got a severe chastisement for disobeying orders. This he was obliged to submit to; but one day, on receiving a thump from his cousin, his passions became aroused, and he threw off his jacket, and drubbed the offender so much to the purpose, as to leave him insensible.

"There, Mr. Thirty-thousand-pounds; I'd recommend you to box your own ears in future, since you can't defend yourself better!" shouted Christopher, elated with his victory. But on the arrival of cool reflection, he trembled for the consequences, and felt every bone in his skin ache with evil anticipations. "They'll kill me for it—I know they will," said he, half in tears, "and perhaps hang me afterwards. But they must catch me first, though, for I'll run away this moment," he added, brightening up as the idea crossed him; and, with this intention, he flew off to his bedroom, where, ransacking a chest of drawers,

he secured the portraits of his father and mother, together with about a pound in money, which he had saved by a few pence at a time, and then folding up some articles of clothing in a pocket handkerchief, away he scampered like a young colt across the meadows behind his uncle's house.

The world was now before our hero, and himself about to become an actor in its scenes, for his mind was made up never to return home; so he ran on with heart and heels alike light, until his strength fairly failed him, and he sat down exhausted on the summit of an eminence which overlooked the entire coast of Sussex. Here he began to reflect upon the future; but, not having any settled prospect before him, the view was so cheerless, that he more than once rose to return, when suddenly the appearance of a ship skimming tranquilly across the ocean, suggested the resolution of becoming a sailor, and, with this determination, he once more took to his heels.

It will be unnecessary to trace the fugitive through all his hardships and casualties until he reached London, or to relate the exact means by which he gained employment on board a West India merchantman, outward bound. Suffice it, that in a short time after his departure from Isinglass Hall, he stood on the deck of the vessel which was to convey him from England—perhaps, as he then thought, for ever. A favourable breeze swelled the sails, the anchor had been weighed, and the ship bounded forward to the open sea. Christopher could not repress one pang as the shore seemed to recede from before him, and he fixed his eyes mournfully upon it, until tears impeded his view, but, wiping them away, he again looked on the sunny land which he was leaving. It appeared less and less with every moment, form and order became confounded, and headland and tree, and home and country, all—all blended, melted, and faded into a thin blue haze, and ultimately sank, like fairy shadows, beneath a dark line dimly to be distinguished in extreme distance. In a few minutes that also vanished, and nothing was left for the seaman's eye to rest upon but sea and sky.

Quocunque aspicias, nihil est nisi pontus  
et aer:  
Nubibus hic tumidus, fluctibus ille mi-  
nax.

There was a vast deal more consternation and dolour displayed at Isinglass Hall on the discovery of the rich Culpepper's disaster, than that of the poor one's flight. Some inquiries were certainly made after the recusant, but as no one came forward with any information concerning him, his memory was in a very few months suffered to die away in indifference and forgetfulness. Meanwhile our hero became familiar with hardships; he grew under their weight, and, at last, treated them like playfellows. This sovereign contempt for misfortune added a nobility, a Spartan-like dignity, to his character, which greatly contributed to carry him unruffled through the storms of life, and enabled him to laugh at Care till the old fellow shook his sides in his company, and then seemed to forsake him for ever!

It was Christopher's hap to fall under the dominion of a captain, whose character for cruelty was notorious, and every hour's experience proved the impossibility of softening it by ever so strict an attention to duty. This fact ascertained, Kit thought, to use his own expression, "that he might as well attempt forcing a passage through a mountain of broken glass, as to reach his commander's heart through the asperities of temper with which it was surrounded." He therefore determined to remain no longer than he could help with him, and in pursuance of this resolution, he one night, when the vessel was lying at anchor off shore, let himself down the ship's side and swam to land, knowing that, as the vessel was to set sail in an hour or two, there would be little chance of his being pursued. Kit was thus once more his own master, but chancing to attract the notice of a wealthy planter, as he rambled through the market-place on the following morning, he became installed, in an humble capacity, in that person's establishment. The planter, though in other respects a good sort of man, was remarkably ill-humoured,



and, by his sourness of temper, embittered the lives of all in his service; but this was no novelty to Kit, he was habituated to rough humours, and, reflecting that he had voluntarily left his country, he conceived himself far more enviably situated than the slaves who were *forcibly* torn from home, and all that was dear to them. These meditations tended to enlarge his understanding and cultivate the natural benevolence of his heart, until it expanded into a broad and universal philanthropy, which extended its benign influence to all within the pale of unhappiness; and although no one thought less of his own troubles, yet none felt more for those of others, than did Christopher Culpepper.

Merit, like a seed under a clod, will make its way: the old planter found his cares lessen under the active superintendence of Kit, as he grew older and rose in office, and, in the course of time, created him head overseer, by which means our hero became better enabled to serve and assist those around him. In this situation he lived, esteemed and respected by all, until the planter died, and Kit found himself in possession of three thousand pounds, which the old man left him as a reward for the industry and fidelity he had displayed during nearly twenty years' servitude. It was then that the yearning after the land of his nativity, that feeling so deeply implanted in the human heart, rose strongly in his bosom; and recollecting that his uncle was in possession of five hundred pounds belonging to him, and which must have been accumulating in the funds ever since his departure, he considered himself worth about four thousand pounds, a sum which he thought, if applied with judgment, would render him a moderately independent man for the remainder of his life in old England. To resolve, was to do, with Culpepper. He accordingly wrote off by the packet to Isinglass Hall, with the information of his being still in existence, and of his intended voyage home: and after making all necessary arrangements abroad, he shipped himself in the next vessel, and arrived without accident at Portsmouth, accompanied by an old

black attendant, whom he brought by way of witness to his identity, should it chance to be disputed.

I will not venture upon a description of Christopher's feelings on once more treading his native soil, they were indescribable. All former troubles were erased from his mind, and his unpleasing recollections resolved themselves into the one ecstatic thought that he was near the home of his childhood, and, without waiting whilst the ship was unladen, he resolved to cross the country on foot to —, leaving his baggage behind him until sent for. On a nearer approach, however, he could not avoid feeling some little agitation, as he speculated upon the reception he might probably meet with from his uncle; but quickly dashing aside all fears, he roused every particle of boldness he possessed, and, arming his brow with triple brass, determined to assert his rights with firmness, and behave as if nothing unpleasant had ever occurred betwixt Isinglass and himself.

At length he came in sight of the old hall, and his heart danced within him. "There—there it is," he exclaimed, pointing it out to Alexander, and before advancing another step, he sat down upon a large stone, to contemplate its unaltered appearance. Time seemed to have flown lightly past it, for the building looked as fresh and as firm as when Christopher had left it twenty years before. It was a roomy mansion, built in the style of the manor houses in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and being seated on an eminence, commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

After our hero's emotions had subsided into a placid serenity, he rose and resumed his journey; but, on approaching the house, he once more paused, to listen to the sounds of music and singing that issued from its windows. The first of these evidently emanated from a piano, and the latter was the voice of a lady. Culpepper had often heard the air, but he almost imagined that the words had been composed expressly for his arrival, so analogous were they to his present circumstances, and his present feelings. They were as follows:—

## SONG.

" Oh ! welcome home—  
 Oh ! welcome home ;  
 Wanderer, wanderer, welcome home :  
 And dry that tear,  
 For joy dwells here,  
 And only awaits thy woes to cheer.  
 In boyhood's hour,  
 In boyhood's hour,  
 Fortune might seem on thee to lower,  
 But now her smile  
 Breaks forth to wile  
 Thee back, and each former woe beguile.  
 Here Beauty's lip,  
 Here Beauty's lip,  
 Unfolds its treasures for thee to sip ;  
 And her white hand,  
 At thy demand,  
 Shall be thine with silver, gold, and land.  
 Then welcome home,  
 Then welcome home,  
 Wanderer, wanderer, welcome home ;  
 And dry that tear,  
 For joy dwells here,  
 And only awaits thy woes to cheer."

I never in my existence heard an unseen musician either play or sing, without immediately investing her in my imagination with all the charms of eighteen summers—flowing ringlets—bright eyes—ruby lips—alabaster neck, and fairy-like form !

Now Kit was just such another fanciful being as myself, and he "fell in love" with the invisible songstress, long before she had concluded her ballad. "It is surely some prophetess," he exclaimed, "who thus warbles forth her invitation for me to enter ;" so saying, he ascended the steps and saluted the door with a rat-tat, so loud and so rapid as not to sound unlike the tattoo of a roll-call.

To describe the immediate bustle that ensued within would be impossible. A number of voices were heard speaking at once, together with a confused sound of several persons passing to and fro, whilst the continual slamming of doors increased the din. At last the door was opened. Kit announced his name, and Anthony Isinglass, Esq. flew up to him, through a lane of servants in rich liveries, and, catching him by the hand, exclaimed in a joyful tone, "My dear nephew,

welcome—thrice welcome home again. I thought the time would never arrive that was to bring you here. But come in, Christopher, my boy, come in, and let us once more have the pleasure of sitting by the old fireside together."

Had Christopher's imagination ever whispered that his reception would be such as it proved to be, he would have rejected the idea as an outrage upon probability ; it was therefore some moments before he could recover from the surprise into which this unexpected welcome threw him. At length, warmly returning the old gentleman's grasp, and with a tear sparkling in either eye, he exclaimed, "Is it possible that I hear you rightly, and do you really so generously forgive my abandonment of home?"

"Forgive you? Aye, and ask pardon in return for the treatment which drove you to such a step!" replied his uncle. "But why stand you here?" he added, "consider the place as your own, my dear boy, and enter freely." With these words he ushered his bewildered nephew and follower into a large apartment filled with visitors, and, as it was now nearly dusk, brilliantly lighted up. "You see, Christopher," said the

old gentleman, "we are all assembled in readiness to receive you, as we felt pretty certain of your arrival before Christmas."

"Upon my word," cried Culpepper, looking about him with an air of good humour which lit up a corresponding smile on the lips of all present, "I am very happy—most happy, to see so many friends round me; yet I frankly confess that I cannot remember a single face, so long has been my absence."

"No doubt," returned Isinglass, "as those who were children when you left have now shot up into men and women; whilst many who are present are relatives from distant parts, whom you have never yet seen. However, with your permission, I will introduce them individually to your notice."

We will pass over the legion of aunts, cousins, &c. who were one by one presented to our hero, and merely mention a few of the leading personages. The first was Miss Julia Ashfield, a retiring, delicate girl, with soft blue eyes and dark chesnut locks, whom Culpepper felt convinced was the syren he had heard singing, from the circumstance of finding her seated near an open piano when he entered. She appeared about nineteen; her features were regularly shaped and dignified, and the fine formation of her forehead seemed to mark her as possessing both accomplishments and good sense. Yet there was a *je ne sais quoi* at the corner of her eye, and a certain expression upon her pouting lip, combined with a dimple on each cheek, betraying a terrible propensity for something beyond a smile; and the half sly, half demure glance which she roguishly cast upwards on Christopher's broad and eccentric, but good-humoured, visage, as she curtisied before him, showed an inclination rather to make fun of her newly-arrived cousin, than to show him any very marked respect. She, however, resisted the volatile feeling, and acquitted herself, upon the whole, remarkably well.

The next personage was Miss Jessica A., sister to Julia, and two years her junior, and really a most divine

creature. After her came Sir John Ashfield, father to the young ladies. He was a tall ascetic-looking man, with small eyes and a pinched mouth, the lines round which were strongly expressive of cupidity. A nephew of the knight's, Mr. Adolphus Timkins by name, was the next candidate for Kit's notice. This was a simple looking being, with a fine set of teeth, and one who had always an infinite deal to say about nothing. Lastly came Mr. Simon Wilkinson—fat, foolish, and forty. He did not appear to possess a single grain of sense in his composition, for an eternal and unmeaning grin sat upon his countenance, and he seemed scarcely to possess the ability either to make or understand an original remark. If, however, a laugh was raised, he never failed to join in it with heart and soul, although ignorant of its cause, and such a laugh as his, perhaps, never before issued from mortal lips; for instead of the natural "Ha, ha, ha!" he closed his teeth, and wheezed out a spluttering sound, not unlike a continued reiteration of "Zud, zud, zud!"

Culpepper, as his relations were severally presented to him, shook them cordially by the hand, but it was with great difficulty that he preserved his composure before the last named person, who exclaimed in a thick, clownish tone, on being introduced, "Whoy, coz, lad, thee'st a skin loike scorched paper—Zud, zud, zud!"

"Hee, he, he!" cried a voice from behind; and, on looking round, the company for the first time noticed Christopher's black servant, Alexander, who now shone as conspicuous as a jet brooch amid a cluster of diamonds.

"Hey! Who have we here?" asked Mr. Isinglass.

"Only a poor fellow whom I brought over by way of witness," replied Kit.

"Iss: me come by way of *wickedness*," said the black.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Christopher, laughing at the negro's blunder.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Isinglass, with a fawning air of coinciding mirth.

"He, he, he!" tittered Timkins, following the parasitical example.

And, "Zud, zud, zud!" wheezed



Wilkinson, looking round to see what he was laughing at.

Alexander was now sent into the servants' hall, and refreshments ordered for his master, to whom the most sedulous attention was paid in every way, until he began to fancy himself some Eastern *Nabob*, instead of a poor overseer. All around watched every look, as if to anticipate his wishes, and if he did but turn his head, every head in the room was turned also. Isinglass, too, deported himself more like a cringing courtier in the presence of some puissant monarch, than a hitherto arbitrary uncle to an orphan nephew. Even some children who were present, stood like a row of automations, as if awe-struck at his appearance; but Kit loved children, and soon grew into favour by bestowing a few trinkets upon them, and joining their romps, as though he was again himself a child.

This incited the company to do the same, and a general holiday seemed proclaimed till Culpepper, becoming struck with the ridiculousness of the scene, burst into a fit of laughter, and immediately an universal "Ha, ha, ha!" followed, with a bass accompaniment of "Zud, zud, zud!"

Perplexed at this continued complaisance, Christopher once more seated himself, with the full determination of asking his uncle to explain what appeared to him so singular a circumstance; but Isinglass had a knack not only of interrupting and anticipating a speaker, but also of pertinaciously pursuing a subject he once broached until he had fairly run it down, so that our hero could scarcely get in a word edgewise. For instance, Christopher, after regaling himself with a glass of red wine, observed, "I am surprised, my worthy uncle——"

"That I have made no inquiries about your luggage. I dare say you are," interrupted Isinglass, "but I guess it still remains on board."

"Why, yes, although I cannot boast of——"

"Much the best plan," continued the uncle, "for it will be more carefully removed by my carriers than by any one else, depend upon it."

"I am glad of that," returned

Christopher, "as I am entrusted with some valuable papers, consisting of bonds and securities, which I should not like to lose."

"There! hear you that?" whispered Isinglass, turning to those near him, "India bonds and government securities, I'll be sworn; I told you what a great man he had become!"

In consequence of the kindness of his uncle's tone, Christopher thought that the present would be a good opportunity to mention the affair which had brought him over to England; he accordingly said, "I suppose, sir, I scarce need ask if my claims are admitted without dispute?"

"So, he *has* claims upon the nation," said the pertinacious Isinglass, again addressing his visitors in a low tone; then, accosting our hero, he added, "Who dare refuse them, my dear boy? But, do now, suffer me to ask what have you in hand? A plum, I should suppose, at least?"

"A plum!" said Kit, perplexedly; then looking at a bun which he was eating, he rejoined, "Oh, yes! A cake full!"

Isinglass, although a man of some property, had never been twenty miles from his own house; he therefore knew but little of things in general, and, raising his hands in rapture, he once more whispered to his satellites, "Only listen! A cake full of plums. Some mercantile term that for a million, depend upon it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" "Ho, ho, ho!" and "Zud, zud, zud!" immediately succeeded.

In this manner the conversation was protracted until supper was served up, during the disposal of which Isinglass made numberless apologies for its not being sufficiently sumptuous for his "dear nephew Christopher."

"Really, sir, there needs no excuse," said our good-tempered, matter-of-fact hero; "it is much more splendid than——"

"You have been able to get aboard o' ship, very likely," interposed his uncle, "but not such as you are accustomed to in India. By the bye, matters must have gone sweetly with you there these few years past?"

"Ay, like sugar in a rum-cask—

with a little bitterness at the bottom," returned Culpepper.

"Indeed!" observed Sir John Ashfield, "I thought that Fortune had passed as smoothly through your fingers as would a skein of silk."

"More like a *needle-full*, Sir John," replied Kit, "for she first pierced me to the quick, and then drew the silk after her."

"By the bye," observed Christopher, "where is my cousin Culpepper, from whom I remember receiving a thump at our last interview?"

"Pray, my dear boy, don't mention his name; he ill-used you, and therefore I abandon him for ever. But I beg and beseech of you to let what is past be buried in oblivion, and from this moment we will not recur in any way to times which are gone, or circumstances which I hope you have forgotten."

After a little further colloquy the company retired to rest, and Culpepper, on being left alone in his chamber, paused to revolve the events of the day, and endeavour to account for the miraculous alteration which had taken place. He had been treated respectfully where he had anticipated indifference. His claims had been admitted, as he imagined, by one who was never known to yield a farthing without being forced to do so. And his very relations, who as children scouted and scoffed him, now seemed to court his slightest smile.

"There surely must be some mistake in all this," he exclaimed, as he stepped into bed, "but at all events I am no sufferer by it; therefore, let them find it out as they may." Then, drawing the clothes up to his chin, he added, "And then there is that Julia, too—what a fascinating creature she is!" And with such-like interjections he sunk into a profound slumber.

Next morning, when our hero entered the breakfast room, he found the family already assembled, and listening attentively to some intelligence, which Isinglass perused aloud, from the newspaper; he, however, put it aside immediately on Kit's approach, and rose to greet him. "Well, nephew," he said, "I have been reading a full account of your ship's safe

arrival; but I am sorry to find that it is ordered to perform a month's quarantine in consequence of an epidemic which raged when she left port."

"Then that makes out the old adage," replied Culpepper, "'News travels like a ball of snow, and gathers as it goes,' for, to my certain knowledge, there were not a dozen persons in ill health when I quitted the place. But I can scarcely imagine that there is any truth in the statement, for I came openly and unholstered ashore."

"Ah, rogue, rogue!" said Isinglass, with a chuckle, "you know very well it was more than their ears were worth to stop *your* landing. Christopher Culpepper was a personage of too much importance to be detained prisoner for a month."

"Humph! I don't know any thing about that," ejaculated Kit, twisting the corners of his mouth downwards, and elevating his eyebrows; "I shall nevertheless be rather inconvenienced, as I left the bulk of my cash aboard."

"Pray, dear sir, do not let that cloud the sunshine of your gaiety," said Mr. Adolphus Timkins, in a tone of affectation; "for when the mind rambles after black and melancholy thoughts instead of wandering through—"

"To the purpose, Dolph—to the purpose," interrupted Isinglass.

"I was merely about to observe," rejoined Timkins, "that I have some seven or eight hundred pounds by me—nay, I could muster a thousand, which if Mr. Culpepper would condescend to accept he would exalt me to the very summit of happiness."

"No," replied Culpepper, "I cannot think of—"

"Nay, you shall not refuse," cried all at table.

And Isinglass, turning to Sir John Ashfield, observed, "Egad, I did not think Dolph had so much *nous* in him. That was a capitally planted hit."

The money being thus absolutely forced upon him, Christopher no longer declined the tempting offer, especially as he believed his dearly beloved relations to be a pack of fools, and Kit had always considered the



follies of human nature (at least, the rich portion of it,) as fair game for wise men to run down. Having pocketed the thousand pounds, he smilingly remarked that the money would be almost useless to him, as he had not, at present, any establishment to keep up, on which Mr. Wilkinson roared out, "Whoy, then, I's dashed if thee shan't have the country house that I built across the park yonder! It be but a box, to be sure!"

"They'll drive me into a perplexed madness," thought Kit. He, however, accepted a deed of gift without a murmur, and only wondered when he should get at the bottom of so much adulation and generosity.

In this manner a fortnight rolled on. Culpepper took especial care never to converse upon his own affairs, or to hint at old grievances: he also desired Alexander to be silent upon every subject about which any person might seem curious to be informed, and thus he inspired, if possible, a more profound respect than had he boasted of being worth an empire. Every one praised, every one flattered him; save the lovely Julia Ashfield, and she by turns ridiculed, tormented, laughed at, and philosophized with him—now playing him a thousand girlish tricks, as if to try his temper to the utmost, and then listening, with unfeigned admiration and interest, to his instructive remarks, and amusing anecdotes of other climes, or displaying the rich stores of her own cultivated mind. Gradually these conversations grew longer, and Julia's tricks less frequent; for although Culpepper's oddities tended, on a first acquaintance, to raise a laugh at his expense, yet his natural urbanity and benevolence of disposition never failed to burst forth, and create a subsequent and lasting impression in his favour. Julia soon became attracted by them: her life, hitherto, had been spent amidst a set of cold-hearted, calculating, avaricious beings, and the nobility of soul displayed by Christopher in all that he said or did came upon her heart like a warm sunbeam to a half-frozen dove. She now delighted to sing or play for his amusement, and always courted his opinions in

preference even to those of her father. Yet the frolicsome young lady could not entirely resist her love of teasing, and, whilst every other member of her family obeyed our hero's smallest intimation, she alone exacted from him the strictest obedience to her every wish and whim.

As an instance of the sway which Culpepper held over his rich relations, we will mention that one morning a poor man came to the hall with a petition, setting forth that he had an aged mother in great distress, which, owing to want of work, he was unable to alleviate, and also praying for assistance.

"Pshaw!" was the exclamation of Isinglass, after conning it over; but Culpepper drew out his purse, and bestowed upon the man some loose silver. This produced an immediate donation from every one present, and the poor fellow withdrew, overcome with joy, and invoking blessings upon the heads of his benefactors.

This scene occurred as the party was returning from a walk round the country, and Kit now, according to his usual custom, proffered his arm to support his fair relative, Julia Ashfield, across the garden which fronted Isinglass Hall.

"You are like gold, sir," said she, taking his arm, "for, try you which way one will, you are sure to prove perfect!"

"And you," returned Culpepper, "are like a jar of India pickles—a mixture of sweet, sour, and pungent."

"Ah! now that is too bad," said Julia; "you might have compared me to a rose, or myrtle, or— But enough of this; I feel too dejected for *badinage* to-day;" and as she spoke a sigh attested her words.

"And may I inquire the cause of that dejection?" asked Christopher, taking her hand in his; where it looked like a pearl in an oaken casket.

"It is occasioned by the afflictions of my poor sister Jessica," returned Julia. "She has placed her affections upon a very distant relation of the family, but, unfortunately, he is in indigent circumstances, and my father



commands her to think no more of him."

"What is his station in life?" asked Culpepper, with an expression of interest.

"Edgar Manners is curate of our church, sir, and is, indeed, a most amiable man, believe me. Ah! if I could only persuade you to use your interest for Jessica's sake—"

"I will! I will! rely upon it. And what then?"

"Why then, I will love you"—Kit caught Julia's other hand—"almost as well as my own *father*!" said she; then, laughing at his disappointed air, she wrapped her dress round her graceful form, and bounded up the steps to the hall-door with all the lightness of a wood-nymph.

True to his promise, our hero, immediately on entering, abruptly broached the subject to Sir John Ashfield, and requested him, as a personal favour, to consent to the match.

"Really, excellent sir," returned the knight, "I should be happy at all times to comply with your wishes, but in the present instance it is impossible, as the young man is as poor as a church mouse."

"Odd *rat* it! if that be all, Sir John, I will willingly bestow upon him half my possessions towards increasing his funds," answered Culpepper, with generous warmth.

This speech produced an "immense sensation" throughout the assembly, and it was some moments before the flutter subsided.

"This must never be," whispered Isinglass to young Timkins, "else we shall inevitably lose our share of the spoil."

"Is there no method of so winding the course of affairs as to produce, through our interest, the advancement of young Manners in the sacred profession of which, I must be allowed to observe, he is a very deserving member?" said the colloquial and circumlocutory Mr. Timkins.

"Well thought of," said Isinglass; then, addressing Kit, he added, "Gad-so! I think I can spare you so profuse a sacrifice to accomplish your wishes. I have a vicarage in my gift which is just vacant, and for your sake, my dear

nephew, the Rev. Edgar Manners is perfectly welcome to it until we can get him a pair of lawn sleeves."

Oh, Patronage! Patronage! how alchemical are thy powers! Is a man sinking in the world, "*Down with him!*" is the cry of all who know him; but dost thou take him by the hand to raise him, and they lift him on their shoulders—nay, above their very heads. Thou art a talismanic panacea for all ills! Without thee merit itself is cast into oblivion; whilst, on the other hand, if a wretched artist can get patronized by the beautiful or great, or an humble author by a fashionable publisher, his fortune is made at once. Thus, notwithstanding the wealth of his relations, Edgar Manners might have lived and died in poverty and obscurity; but Culpepper's patronage altered the case, and Isinglass wrote to him with an offer of the vacant incumbency, and also inviting him to dinner on the following day.

The delight of Julia and her interesting sister may be easily imagined. They were ready to worship our hero; whilst Manners expressed his gratitude with a manly fervour which, if possible, increased Culpepper's pleasure at having performed the action. Matters so well begun were soon brought to a close, and it was settled that the lovers should be united in a fortnight's time.

These events occupied the intermediate period to Christmas, for the due observance of which great preparations, after the fashion of old times, were made, and, "in conformity with ancient rule," a large bunch of misletoe was, unknown to the ladies, suspended from the ceiling of one of the withdrawing rooms. Beneath this magic permitter of kisses Julia unfortunately passed during the afternoon, and, being perceived by Mr. Simon Wilkinson, that Adonis-like gentleman started forward with his usual "Zud, zud, zud!" and would have caught her in his arms, had she not slipped under, and darted out of the room. Determined not to relinquish his prize, Simon immediately pursued her; and, half laughing, half shrieking, Julia flew up stairs. Still, how-

ever, Wilkinson was at her heels; when, to escape him altogether, she heedlessly opened the first door she came near, and running into the room turned the key, so as effectually to prevent his entrance.

It often happens that to avoid one evil we run into a greater. It was customary with Culpepper every afternoon to take an hour's siesta on a couch in his chamber, as had been his wonted habit abroad, and—how shall I relate it?—into this room Julia had now fastened herself, whilst he lay sleeping behind her. The first intimation she received of this circumstance was hearing a deep breathing—(we will not say snoring)—she turned round, and the existing state of affairs became at once unfolded. Uttering a loud scream she endeavoured to open the door, forgetting that it was locked, and the noise thus occasioned aroused our hero, who, starting up, demanded what was the matter.

"Oh, sir! that odious Wilkinson—the misletoe—a kiss!"

Julia could no more: wounded delicacy, confusion, and affright, conspired to overpower her, and she burst into tears; but in another moment she peeped through her fingers and laughed, as Culpepper stood, with the utmost composure, awaiting the conclusion of her speech.

"Go, you little crocodile," said he, smiling. "Had I any vanity I should swear that you only avoided Mr. Wilkinson's kisses to gain one of mine." Julia looked bashfully downwards at this inuendo, and seemed sedulously employed in describing a circle on the floor with her pointed foot. "But," added Kit, kindly, "foul fall the man who would, unpermitted, venture to taste those roseate, innocent lips!" and, as if to inspire her with confidence in his words, he unlocked and opened the door.

Julia looked up with beaming eyes. "You are all that is generous," she said, "and I scarce know how to repay the kindness which you are continually showing me."

"Were I permitted, I could point out a way," said Christopher, with that benevolent simplicity of tone which was so distinguishing a charac-

teristic of his unsuspecting and open-hearted nature.

"Could you indeed?" said Julia, archly.

"Ay, in very deed. We have now, my sweet coz, been acquainted three weeks, which is, I think, ample time for any person to study the disposition of another, and I confess that during the whole of that time my heart has been yours. I loved you at our first interview—nay, I loved you before, when I heard your cherub lips pour forth the strains of welcome. How say you, then, will you rob the old bachelors' list of a member, and take me for better or for worse?"

All this time Julia's foot was busier than ever, and again was she employed in describing circles, squares, and triangles, with accurate nicety, on the floor. At length she once more raised her blue eyes with an expression of the most enchanting candour. "And have you really the temerity to make this offer, knowing all my girlish follies as you do?" she said, in a voice of melody.

"Yes; and will submit to be plagued by them for ever," said Culpepper.

"Then," returned Julia, with a modest blush, and putting her hand through his arm, "I give you permission to come and talk with my father."

"You are a very sensible girl," said Kit, leading her down stairs, "and have the most concise method of settling business of any person I ever encountered."

When the pair entered the parlour, they were saluted with considerable raillery; more particularly Julia, who was unmercifully bantered for having, to avoid one man, shut herself up with another.

"Well!" interrupted Culpepper, bluntly, "and by doing so she has obtained what many present have dressed and coquetted for these ten years past."

"What is that? what is that?" echoed every mouth.

"A lover, ladies! I despise mystery, and hate procrastination; therefore, before all here assembled, I beg to propose myself as a son-in-law to Sir John Ashfield."



"My dear sir, you make me the happiest of men," cried the knight, springing across the room, and grasping Kit's hand. "I shall be proud of an alliance with so illustrious a gentleman, but I fear my girl is scarcely worthy of your attention, as her fortune is by no means great."

"Riches I do not require," said Christopher, "I only ask for one gem—Julia's white hand. I am happy to say that my prospects at present are tolerably favourable, and, until they become more so, I shall willingly settle upon her a moiety of my possessions."

Here the assembly with one accord rose, like a congregation in a church after the Litany, and re-seated themselves with great sensation. "This is being too generous," cried Sir John in ecstasy, "and will make the paltry ten thousand pounds, which is her allotted portion, appear as nothing in comparison."

"And so I am to be thus choused out of Julia, after having been her slave for a whole twelvemonth," cried Mr. Adolphus Timkins, in a dolorous tone.

"Pooh!" said Christopher, and rising with some emotion, he left the room.

Heretofore our hero had suffered matters to take their course, until the strange mistake which seemed to exist in the family was explained. Sometimes, indeed, he had resolved to speak with his uncle on the subject, but that self-important personage was so addicted to talking himself, in preference to hearing others do so, that he invariably put words into Christopher's mouth, and replied to them himself, so that an eclaireissement was for some time impossible. Now, however, the rectitude of Kit's principles would not permit him to remain longer silent; he perceived that an idea existed of his being worth money, and he would have been content to let his relations dupe themselves with the thought till doomsday: but to deceive the innocent Julia, by accepting her hand and fortune without any adequate advantages on his side, was more than he could persuade himself to do. His declaration of love was made without

due reflection upon the consequences, and, although delighted with Julia's acceptance of it, he yet resolved not to repay her confidence by the heartless deception which he must be guilty of, if he did not confess the truth. Accordingly he sought her out, and requested a private interview, which she immediately granted.

"Julia," said he, in his usual straight forward way, on seating himself by her side, "I have come to recant my confession of love, and to return the heart which I fondly hoped was mine for ever."

Julia turned pale, but in another moment an indignant flush crossed her brow, as she, with assumed calmness, said, "Perhaps, sir, you will favour me with your motives for this humorous conduct."

"Such is my intention," said Culpepper. "Because I am too poor to deserve you." He then gave her a short history of his life, described his perplexity at recent circumstances, and concluded by unfolding his reasons for the present avowal.

"Noble-minded man!" exclaimed Julia, with winning enthusiasm, after a pause of some moments. "This guileless conduct increases my esteem tenfold. Here is my hand, and with it what little affluence I possess; and poor indeed is the gift, compared with the heart you have bestowed upon me."

Culpepper was overcome. He took both of Julia's hands and pressed them to his lips—a tear spoke volumes of what he felt. "But how," he at last said, "are we to contrive about Sir John, as in a very short time the eyes of all parties must be opened?"

"That I am aware of," replied Julia. "I could, was there time, explain the cause of your present popularity with the family; but it is more signally important that we should devise measures for present security."

"Being so much in the dark, I must leave that task to you, dear Julia," said Christopher.

Julia seemed to hesitate, as, with a blush, she said, "Custom has assigned a standard for female delicacy, which all our sex abide by, yet there are occasions that demand its trans-



gression. Will you then acquit me of a want of decorum, if I urge you to press the immediate drawing out of the marriage contract and settlement? You will by that means, let what will betide, secure ten thousand pounds, and—and my hand."

"The plan would be admirable," observed Kit, "but Sir John will expect me at the same time to settle a handsome portion upon you; whereas—"

"I know what you would say; but as they believe you to be a self-willed, strange sort of being, you may easily pass muster, by undertaking in the deed to give one half of whatever property you may be found to be worth when the vessel is unladen."

Culpepper liked this scheme so well, that he immediately acted upon it; and succeeded so admirably that three days afterwards the indentures were duly signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of proper witnesses.

The preliminaries of one marriage being thus settled, preparations were made for that between the Rev. Edgar Mannors and Miss Jessica Ashfield, and at the end of another three days the happy pair were united. On returning to Isinglass Hall, Anthony "of that ilk" was surprised to see a cavalcade wind round the distant hills, which rather bore the appearance of an eastern procession, than a plain Englishman's equipage and retinue. The wedding party paused on reaching the hall, to look at it, and found, with some surprize, that it was approaching the spot where they stood. At last the procession came up, and a man, whose complexion was bronzed to a perfect copper colour, alighted slowly and haughtily from the first carriage, and advancing to Isinglass, coldly stretched out his hand, and said pompously, "I am glad to see you, sir. How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you," said Isinglass, receding several paces at the unexpected salutation; then, as if a sudden idea had crossed him, he looked alternately at our hero and the stranger, and added, "And who the devil are you that inquire?"

The stranger seemed offended, and replied in a lofty tone, "I should not

have imagined that a mere fifteen years' absence would render such a question necessary. I am your nephew, Christopher Culpepper, and newly arrived from the East Indies."

"And you?" cried Isinglass, turning to our hero.

"Am your nephew, Christopher Culpepper, cousin to that gentleman, and newly arrived from the West Indies."

Be assured, dear reader, it was by a pure oversight that I omitted to inform you, at the commencement of this record, that the nomenclatures of the two Culpeppers were precisely the same, and that in a very few years after Culpepper the poor ran away from home, a fracas broke out between Christopher Culpepper the rich and Isinglass, which ended in the departure of the former for the East Indies, under the auspices of a wealthy relation, who held a high office in the Company's service. Twenty years had elapsed since the poor boy's departure, and fifteen since that of the rich one. The former had returned with four thousand pounds, and the latter with nearly a million. Culpepper the poor was honourable, generous, and humane; Culpepper the rich was proud, stingy, and hard-hearted.

Every thing was now explained. Isinglass had received a letter from his rich nephew, announcing his intention of returning to England with all his riches, to settle for life; whereas Culpepper the poor, by an oversight, directed a blank sheet of paper to his uncle, instead of the letter which he had prepared to apprise him of his intended visit. The real letter he afterwards found rolled up as useless paper in a corner of his writing desk, when his luggage came on shore.

Thus was the mystery of Culpepper's reception cleared up, and thus were the favours and obsequious attentions which had been showered upon him so lavishly from all quarters, traced to their sordid source. He had been mistaken for his rich cousin, THE NABOB; the eagerness of Isinglass to propitiate him had prevented a discovery, and now that one was at last made, the base and hollow conduct of that person, with Sir John Ashfield,

Timkins, and Wilkinson, was rendered sufficiently obvious by their down-cast looks at the inauspicious disclosure. However, a formal deed of gift, and an equally formal marriage contract were not easily annulled; and

the discomfited party were obliged to put the best face upon the matter, and leave our hero in undisturbed possession of the girl he loved, and ten thousand pounds, as the harvest of their ADULATION!

### ALBUM.

THE REPENTANT FALSE ONE,  
To Her who should have been his Bride.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

YES; I have wandered from thy side,  
Forsworn my plighted vow;  
Forsook thee, when almost a bride:  
And canst thou pardon now?  
Though scarce, I deem, by aught save  
Heaven,  
A crime like mine can be forgiven,  
If earth has one, 'tis THOU;  
For thine is pity's gentlest mood,  
The grace, the gem of womanhood.  
But dare I, faithless and forsworn,  
My broken vows renew?  
The outcast of another's scorn,  
Can I for pardon sue?  
For, oh! when most I seemed estranged,  
Deem not thy wrongs were unavenged:  
My heart was wounded too;  
And fiercely on my guilty head,  
Fell the stern stroke I merited.  
I bowed me prostrate in the dust,  
Before that righteous blow,  
And felt the retribution just;  
Then was I doomed to know  
What, dearest, thou canst never prove,  
If mine were pangs of slighted love;  
The keenest pang below  
Is to have known, and that was mine,  
I wronged a heart so true as thine.  
But, oh! if shame and solitude  
Can e'er for falsehood pay;  
If thoughts of madness, tears of blood,  
Can wipe my guilt away;—  
Those pangs were felt, those tears were  
shed.  
The heart that wronged itself hath bled;  
And must it bleed for aye?  
Oh! write the words, "Thou art for-  
given,"  
And be, again, my guide to Heaven!

MARGARET.

By H. C. Deakin.

Yes, she was beautiful! but not that bright  
And breathless beauty that o'erpowers the  
soul—  
An instantaneous whirlwind of delight!

Her's were not lips ripe with the ready  
kiss,  
The cheeks that shame the rose's richest  
hue,  
The brow whose starry whiteness e'en out-  
shone  
The lustre of the twilight's silver line;  
Grief had consumed the crimson of her  
cheek,  
Rifled the roses that were blooming there;  
And all that loveliness whose sway inspires  
Passion and madness in the youthful heart,  
Was, 'neath the blight of sickness and of  
woe,  
Fled—like the happiness of other days,  
Remembered, but unfelt. Still was she  
fair,  
And in the pensive sweetness of expression  
Most beautiful, unearthly beautiful!  
Her dark eye, full as is the orb'd moon,  
Shone through the tressy shine that edged  
it in  
With a most touching melancholy light.  
Tall and ærial was her form, that bent  
Beneath the weight of sorrow, like a flower  
Before the blasts of heaven; it almost  
seemed  
A shadowy frame, transparent to the throes  
Of agony within: her glossy hair,  
Black as the plumage of the raven's wing,  
In clustering masses on her pure white  
neck  
Luxuriantly fell—her pallid brow  
Came from beneath them, placid as a  
child's:  
The chill tranquillity of grief was there.  
Smiles, like star-beams, played upon her  
lips,  
Whiter than they; for they had bid adieu  
To all impression, save of prayer to Heaven.  
Was she not beautiful, unearthly beautiful?  
If saint-like aspect, passionless and pure,  
Glances that came like music on the soul,  
Could make her beautiful, then was she so.  
She looked a bridal virgin of the skies,  
Whose smile could win all erring hearts  
from sin,  
And make them weep through sweetness of  
expression:  
A perfect creature, moulded from this  
earth,  
Yet made for worlds more innocent by far.

Triumphant virtue, silent suffering,  
The power to bear and kiss the chast'ning  
rod,

A sweet forgiveness of all others' faults,  
A conscientious sorrow for her own,  
A lip that breathed all melody of sound,  
And sympathizing accent with a friend,  
A heart too tender for this selfish world,  
A mite for charity, a help for all,  
Unmeted piety, and boundless pity,  
Had given her that serene, sublime ex-  
pression,  
Angels, we're told, possess, and few but  
they.

She loved! oh, yes, she loved, most dearly  
loved!

For woman's heart, though pure as spring's  
first dawn,

Will, from its very purity alone,  
Be more alive to that divine affection  
That blendeth kindred spirits, makes our  
joys,

Our hopes, fears, sorrows, all our feelings,  
one!

A virtuous heart is like a well-strung lyre,  
For all its tones harmoniously respond  
To the chaste touch that woos its num-  
bers forth.

'Twas thus with Margaret! she loved, was  
loved,

And in brief time was wedded--briefer  
time

Was widow'd! and that white rose cheek  
declared

The sting of death was piercing her frail  
form,

That soon would grace the "Victory of  
the Grave!"

—  
STANZAS.

*Written under a Portrait of George Heriot,  
by Scougal, in the Council Room of the  
Hospital.*

*By Delta.*

'Tis soothing thus to gaze on thee,  
Great Benefactor of thy kind!  
Whose liberal fount of charity  
Hath, like a river unconfined,  
Flowed for two hundred years, and made  
Brightness and bloom 'mid waste and shade.

On thee more steadfast glory rests  
Than warriors, or than poets claim;  
The blessings of ten thousand breasts  
Have formed a halo round thy name;  
To thee ten thousand hearts have beat  
With grateful love, and filial heat.

Round thee life's current never freezed;  
Thou from the plough no look didst cast;  
But by the skirts Time's Angel seized,  
And, till he blessed thee, held him fast;  
APRIL, 1832.

Till Heaven thy hoary years of peace  
Did richly bless, with large increase.

Say, didst thou toil from love of gain—  
Was gold, was sordid gold, the prize  
At labour's oar that bade thee strain?  
That had such lustre in thine eyes?  
No! thou hadst in thy nobler ken,  
The wide love of thy fellow men.

From others' wrecks thou didst not task  
Thy home in Luxury's gauds to shine;  
Title or power thou didst not ask,  
The patriarch of some noble line;—  
No! Thou hadst aims how far beyond  
Ambition's sword, or Pleasure's wand.

Thou wert to be the orphan's sire,  
When, one by one, each kindred face,  
Had perished from the household fire,  
A voiceless home—a vanished race:—  
A call, yea, even from out thy tomb,  
Was to invite the wanderer home.

Uprose thy structures proud and high,  
As by a necromancer's hand,  
The temple of Philanthropy,  
To bless and beautify the land;  
A nursery-house to screen from blight;  
A fane of intellectual light.

A table in the wilderness  
Was spread for those who had no shield  
But God and thee in their distress;  
Left tillers of a barren field  
In childhood's morn—when hopes were  
fears,  
Joy damped with doubts, and play with  
tears.

Yes! thence have issued, armed by thee,  
The best and brightest of the land;  
Shrewd Art, and stern Philosophy,  
Have knelt to bless thy fostering hand;  
Merchant and mariner thy dower  
Have owned with pride, when risen to  
power.

To cheer misfortune's solitude—  
Thy grateful country to adorn—  
Thine is a living spring of good,  
Flowing to ages yet unborn;  
And while it flows, a more than fame  
Shall consecrate George Heriot's name!

—  
THE SELF-DEVOTED NUN.

*By T. H. Bayly.*

When I hear the vesper bell,  
And the sisters bend the knee,  
Breathing prayers for all the world,  
In my heart I pray for thee!  
Yes, for thee alone I pray;  
But the novice they would blame,  
Did they know that in her cell  
She had dared to breathe thy name!



I have spurned thy proffered love,  
 And thy presence still I shun;  
 I am blameless—what art thou?  
 To the self-devoted nun.  
 Oh! it is thy boast to dwell  
 With the gay, the false, the free,  
 And 'tis therefore on my knee,  
 That I still must pray for thee.

We shall meet no more on earth,  
 Thou wilt think of me no more;  
 But I'll pray that we may meet  
 When this transient life is o'er.  
 When this world has lost its charm,  
 May it soothe thy soul's despair,  
 To remember that thy name  
 Has been hallowed by my prayer.

## Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

**THE GEORGIAN ERA.** *Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain, from the accession of George the First to the demise of George the Fourth.* 4 Vols. Vol. I. London, 1832. Vizetelly and Co.

"BIOGRAPHY," says the editor of the work before us, "is generally admitted to be one of the most amusing and instructive subjects in the whole range of literature. It illustrates history, reveals the trifling causes of great events, renders us familiar with the character and habits of eminent individuals, displays the consequences of human conduct under its various modifications, and combines the fascinations of romance with the sober dignity and sterling value of truth." A work so imagined, and executed with fidelity, cannot fail of becoming popular. It possesses the great recommendation of comprising a vast variety of character within a space comparatively small, and we doubt not will find its way into most libraries. As a book of reference it will be particularly valuable. The present volume alone embraces a wide field: it contains—the Royal Family, the Pretenders and their adherents, the Church, the Senate, and Dissenters. The memoirs are compiled with judgment and good taste, and the summaries are written with care and impartiality. We must not, in such a work, look for elaborate disquisitions and extensive philosophical deductions; on the contrary, it is a record of strong facts, and, as far as we have read, untinctured either by political bias or party feeling: it gives an unprejudiced and luminous view of "men and measures"—it is a biographical dictionary without its incessant repetitions—an illustrated history, condensed and rendered valuable by an agreeable and perspicuous manner. It contains upwards of 580 pages, and is embellished with nearly 150 neat little woodcuts. We have pleasure in recommending such a work to the perusal of all who are capable of appre-

ciating its advantages; and we cannot but be surprised at the very trifling charge at which it is presented to the public.

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**DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.** *Lives of the Most Eminent British Commanders.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Vol. II. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

We have already given our opinion of the first volume of Mr. Gleig's work, and we have only now to add, that we are happy that a task requiring so much judgment and ability should have fallen to his lot. He is, indeed, a very agreeable biographer, and possesses, in an uncommon degree, that facility of arrangement which gives a clearness and finish to all that he states, beguiling the reader on from fact to fact without any sensible effort, and yet impressing on his mind the leading events of his history. This is an acquisition in which too many of our multitudinous historians are unhappily defective; while it appears to be to Mr. Gleig an easy and familiar power. We are quite delighted with the life of Marlborough, which is given with great accuracy and effect: it is concluded in the present volume; which contains, also, extremely well-conducted biographies of Peterborough and Wolfe. The following extract from the life of Marlborough will not, we trust, be unacceptable to the reader.

"The charge brought by the queen's ministers against the most illustrious man of his age and country, rested, in the first instance, on the deposition of Sir Solomon Medina, one of the principal contractors for supplying the allied armies with bread. This person stated, 'That from 1707 to 1711, he had paid to the duke of Marlborough, for his own use, on the different contracts for the army, the sum of 352,425 guilders; that he was obliged to supply twelve or fourteen wagons gratis, for the use of the duke himself; that on each con-

tract he had presented Mr. Cardonel, his grace's secretary, with a gratuity of 500 ducats; and that he had paid Mr. Sweet, deputy-paymaster at Amsterdam, a separate allowance of one per cent. on all the monies he received.' The same individual further deposed, 'that Antonio Alvarez Machado, the preceding contractor, had advanced the like sums, in the same manner, from 1702 to 1706;' and the commissioners appointed to investigate this case, computed from these data that the duke of Marlborough had received and embezzled in the space of ten years, 664,851 guilders four stivers, making in sterling money, as has already been stated, 63,319*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*

"But the malice of Marlborough's enemies ended not here. He was likewise accused of having illegally appropriated to his own use the sum of 282,366*l.* by deducting two and a half per cent. from the pay of the foreign auxiliaries, on a warrant unnecessarily concealed, and giving no account to the public as to the mode in which it was expended.

"Such is the substance of that infamous report, which, in defiance of his grace's letter written from the Hague, the commissioners of public accounts laid before the house of commons; and it was on such ground as this that Queen Anne consented to strip of all his public employments a man who, whatever his conduct might have been to others, had, during a long life, served her with the utmost fidelity and success.

"Our limits will not permit us to give of these disgraceful transactions the full account which, as matters of history, they deserve. We must content ourselves with stating, that though it was distinctly shown that the very same perquisites had been enjoyed by King William; though the ministers of the foreign powers averred that the per-centage was a free gift awarded by their masters; though the royal warrant, authorising him to accept the gratuity, was produced by Marlborough's friends, and evidence was adduced that a very large share at least of the monies arising out of it had been expended in procuring intelligence; a majority of 270 against 165 was found in this packed house of commons base enough to determine, first, 'that the taking several sums of money, annually, by the duke of Marlborough, from the contractors for furnishing the bread and bread-wagons, in the Low Countries, was unwarrantable and illegal;' and, next, 'that the deduction of two and a half per cent. from the pay of the foreign troops in her majesty's service, is public money, and ought to be accounted for.' The resolutions being communicated to the queen, she replied,

'that she had a great regard for whatever was presented to her by the commons, and would do her part to redress whatever they complained of.' This was followed by an order to the attorney-general to prosecute the duke of Marlborough; and preparations for putting him on his trial in the court of queen's bench were immediately and ostentatiously made.

"The conduct of the duke all this while was such as became his high renown and extraordinary merits. His dismissal from the queen's service, conveyed in a letter written by herself, he received not without indignation, yet he replied to it in a calm and dignified tone. To the suggestions of those who urged him, in imitation of lord Somers, to vindicate himself before the house of commons, he turned a deaf ear. The only step, indeed, which he conceived it not derogatory to his own character to take, was to sanction the compilation of an authentic narrative of his case, and to permit its publication. Never did any document carry upon its face stronger marks of truth; never was any party pamphlet more generally read and approved. The house of commons itself, though severely and justly censured, dared not vote the statement a libel, and not a member endeavoured, because not a member was able, to answer it. Nor were the ministers more fortunate in the minute investigation which they instituted as to the mode in which the general had disposed of vacant commissions. They found, that while numerous abuses had existed, and had even been considered as justifiable, during the reign of king William, Marlborough had never acted except with openness and propriety; and their failure here tended not a little to weaken the force of their grand charge, not only with the public at large, but among the most prejudiced of their own adherents.

"The events thus described took place during the month of December, 1711: on the 5th of January, 1712, prince Eugene, the illustrious colleague of Marlborough, arrived in London. He was the bearer of a strong remonstrance from the emperor against the peace which the British cabinet seemed bent on concluding; and his presence, though it served not to divert the ministers from their design, seriously incommoded and displeased them. His honourable conduct towards his old companion in arms gave in particular excessive umbrage to the cabinet, by whom a direct attempt had been made to separate him from Marlborough's society; and he became in the end exposed, together with his friend and the whig leaders, to the foulest and most unfounded calumnies. Fresh stories



were got up of intended conspiracies, in which Eugene and Marlborough were to be the chief actors. The queen was to be seized, the capital set on fire, Oxford and his associates put to death, and the elector of Hanover advanced to the throne. We blush for the credulity of our countrymen, both then and at a later period, when we find that the credibility of this tale depended entirely on the assertion of Plunket the jesuit spy, yet that it was believed at the moment, and found a place as true in the written memorials of such men as Swift and Macpherson.

"Disgusted with the conduct of those in power, and hopeless of effecting a change, Eugene returned to the Continent on the 17th of March. He had remained long enough in London to witness the commencement of those invidious attacks by which the commons strove, with too much success, to alienate the feelings of the English people from their allies; and he quitted it under the humiliating impression, that if the war should be carried on at all, it must be conducted without any aid either in men or money from England.

"With the events which followed upon this radical change of system in the king's councils, every reader of English history is acquainted. Neither the equivocations of Louis, nor the remonstrances of the confederate powers, could divert Oxford and his colleagues from their purpose, which they continued to pursue with unabated constancy, even after the death of the dauphin had rendered it next to impossible that the crowns of France and Spain should not devolve upon the same individual. Peace they were determined to have, let its attainment cost what it might; and to accomplish that end, they consented to receive assurances, which the French monarch himself, while in the act of affording them, confessed that circumstances might render altogether nugatory. In like manner, though they despatched the duke of Ormond to succeed Marlborough in the command of their army, they secretly instructed him not to undertake any hostile operation, because a treaty was then in progress, of which the conclusion might hourly be expected, provided neither a defeat nor a victory intervened to cast insuperable obstacles in the way. The consequence was, that Eugene, after arranging an admirable plan of campaign, found himself paralysed at the very moment when it behoved him to strike, Ormond positively refusing to take part in a battle, and consenting, not without demur, to assist in the siege of Quesnoy.

"Powerful as the ministers were in both houses of parliament, they could not suc-

ceed in suppressing a burst of indignation which attested the impression made on the minds of all honourable men by conduct so unprincipled as well as unexpected. Out of doors, one feeling and one feeling only, seemed to prevail; while in the lords a keen debate arose, in which lord Halifax, the duke of Marlborough, the duke of Argyle, and earl Poulett, bore each a very conspicuous share. The latter nobleman, indeed, so completely transgressed the rules of decency and order, that he left to the hero of Blenheim but one resource in order to vindicate his personal honour from reproach. After defending the measures of government, lord Poulett went on to say, that 'no one could doubt the duke of Ormond's bravery; but he does not resemble a certain general, who led troops to the slaughter, to cause a great number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, to fill his pocket by disposing of their commissions.' On many previous occasions Marlborough had been compelled to bear up against the libellous insinuations of party writers, who accused him of protracting the war for the basest purposes; but an insult so gross and so personal as this had never till now been offered to him by one of his peers. He received it with perfect composure, did not so much as reply to it, but immediately on quitting the house sent lord Mohun to demand, in the language of the day, that earl Poulett 'would take the air with him in the country.' Lord Poulett became alarmed. He could not conceal his agitation, nor the cause of it, from his lady; and intimation of the affair being communicated to the secretary of state, the earl was placed under arrest. Finally, the queen interfering, and laying her commands on Marlborough that he would not prosecute the matter further, an apparent reconciliation took place; and the most illustrious man of his age was saved the mortification of appearing in the field, as the personal antagonist of one whose very name would have been long ago forgotten but for this act of atrocious iniquity and meanness."

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THE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF  
GEORGE IV. 3 Vols. Vol. 3. Longman  
and Co. London, 1832.

We are glad that this work, "The Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George IV." is brought to a close: it has been conducted with a degree of acrimony and bad faith, which render it in our opinion disgusting and insipid—there is too much red hot whiggery in it to render it any thing like an impartial history. It concludes with a comparison at once odious and misplaced.



**THE CHAMELEON.** Longman and Co. London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Atkinson and Co. Glasgow; 1832.

This volume contains a number of prose and poetical pieces "of various hue and shade," wherein "the grave and gay" are alternately resorted to for the amusement of the reader. Our limits prevent any lengthy extracts, and therefore we must content ourselves with the following, though we sincerely hope that none of our fair readers will ever be in the hopeless predicament of the "sweet lady."

"Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a heart like thine;

No stamp of honoured ancestry, that spoke a noble line;

Nor wealth, that could that want repay, had I to lure thine eye,

When all but thee and thine, still pass'd the boy-bard coldly by.

Can I forget the blushing hour, when by thee led to dance,

Amid the proud, who on me lower'd with many a haughty glance?

A radiant smile there was to me—to them a lofty look,

Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave their scorn rebuke!

Beside thee, in thy kinsman's hall, amid the banquet throng,

For me was kept the place of pride—from me was sought the song!

What had I done—what can I do—my title to approve?

Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is dead to love!

It is not that that heart is cold—nor yet is vowed away;

But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels itself decay.

The withered bloom of early hopes, and darings hope above,

Encrust it now, and dim its shine:—alas I cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought on thee its spell,

They whisper that my voice, now mute, in speech could please thee well;

Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they say, thy heart could move,

More than red cheek or raven curls—yet ah! I cannot love!

It may be, as I trust it is, that in my willing ear

They poured the dew of flattery, and that thou, lady, ne'er

Had'st thoughts that friendship would not own, for souls like thine can prove

How much of kindred warmth may glow without a spark of love!

One only passion now will cure this palsy of the heart:

Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but whatsoe'er the part,

In after life I do or dree—the praise shall all be thine,

And all the fame I e'er may win be offered at thy shrine!"

There are many pieces in this volume more finished, and we will add more animated, than the one which we have selected, therefore in giving it as a specimen of his powers, we have hardly done justice to our author, and we doubt not but that the fair one who resorts to the book itself will readily agree with us.

**MY OLD PORTFOLIO, or Tales and Sketches.**  
By Henry Glasford Bell. Smith, Elder, and Co. London, 1832.

This is, indeed, a most entertaining portfolio, replete with the ingredients of imagination, wit, and thought. Mr. Bell's style is easy, gay, and graceful, and we take the liberty of selecting from his volume the

"History of the Rise and Progress of a small volume of Poems, with some Account of their Decline and Fall.

——— Ha! who art thou? What art thou?  
——— The sun of phantasy,

Whose world's o' the air, to mortal vision else

Impalpable."—*Sheridan Knowles.*

"The history of a small volume of miscellaneous poems, from its first conception to its final completion, from its cradle to its grave, may afford materials for a curious chapter, illustrative of the phenomena of mind. 'Many a time and oft' have we wondered within ourselves what on earth could ever tempt a young or middle-aged man gravely to print one hundred and fifty or two hundred pages, consisting of detached pieces of rhyme. We have said to ourselves, what possible advantages does the author of this publication expect to arise out of it? In these days, when the power of versifying is almost as common as that of eating or walking, can he anticipate, that a little book in blue, yellow, red, or green boards, with a neat title-page, and a modest preface, and a very tolerable collection of pretty thoughts, under the heads of 'Lines,' 'Stanzas,' 'Sonnets,' 'Canzonets,' 'Serenades,' 'Songs,' 'Impromptus,' or 'Fragments,'—can he, by any chance, anticipate that such a little book will fill his coffers with money, or crown his brow with laurels? Upon what principle is it that he voluntarily undergoes all the 'whips and scorns' of authorship,—the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,—the

suppressed smile of his friends as often as his three-and-sixpenny volume come across their memory,—the open ridicule of his foes, who, as soon as they discover that their enemy 'bath written a book,' proceed to make him aware of what Hamlet meant when he spoke of

'The spurns

Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'

Why and wherefore has he brought down upon his own head so great a load of misery? We have revolved this question a thousand times, and after keeping it long—*alta menta reposta*—we can answer it satisfactorily only on the supposition, that most of these miscellaneous-poem-publishing authors go on step by step, from little to little, until, upon awaking some morning, they see a book upon the breakfast-table, and blush to find it their own. Let us for a moment look a little deeper into the heart of this mystery, and if possible, trace the rise and progress of the phenomenon.

"A stripling about the age of sixteen, who has been hitherto rather short and dumpy, suddenly finds himself shoot out like an asparagus, and all at once become portentously long and thin. His mother and sisters, with every possible expedition, proceed to let out reefs from the cuffs of his coat, and the legs of his trowsers; but to little purpose, for the sleeves of the one arrive only a short way below the elbows, and the trowsers, as if their legs had been cut away instead of lengthened, terminate in a very ludicrous and Highland fashion, somewhere about the knees. There is at length no alternative; recourse must be had to a skilful artist, by mortals called a tailor, and in his new suit of clothes, behold! our hero is instantaneously, and to his own considerable surprise, a *young man*! Adieu at once to marbles and paper kites; the king's birth-day fades into obscurity, and blind-man's-buff becomes undignified! At dancing parties he is considered a very eligible partner, and ladies quiz him upon the subject of his being in love. No wonder; for being naturally susceptible, and having read a considerable number of novels, and not a few romances, he seldom falls asleep before he has vowed eternal fidelity to some Adelaide, Clara, or Matilda. Then, in a most unaccountable manner, he suddenly conceives the idea of taking a solitary walk—a walk away into the country where there are some green trees, a good way off the dust of the high road; and a stream tolerably clear, only that there is a large dyeing establishment on its banks; and a hill or two in the back ground, trying to look as picturesque as they can; and

fields from which he can hear what he knows to be the voice of birds, without enquiring too curiously whether it be only the chirping of the sparrow, or the warbling of the nightingale.

"Under the influence of sights and sounds so harmonious, he puts his hand first into his breeches' pocket, and takes out a silver pencil, and then into his coat pocket, and takes out a memorandum-book, in which there are several blank leaves. To one of those leaves the youthful poet entrusts his maiden effusion—a sonnet, perhaps, or 'Lines to —,' and then with a trembling thrill restores the memorandum-book to its accustomed place, and, with a more than ordinary flush upon his countenance, returns home to dinner. For weeks—it may be for months—he is like the little girl described by Montgomery, who 'had a secret of her own,' because she had discovered a bird's nest. He knows that he has written *poetry*, but he breathes not the fact to mortal man; he is ashamed to confess the weakness. But he takes some more solitary walks; and at length all the blank leaves of his memorandum-book are filled, and he finds himself under the necessity of purchasing a second. Still, like Von Dunder in the farce, he 'sticks to his incognito,' till the fatal hour at length arrives when the lady of his heart determines on keeping an album. He is asked for a contribution, and he dare not refuse. The snowy whiteness of its exquisite gilt leaves and spotless Bristol-board is entrusted to his keeping; and fully impressed with the weight of the responsibility, he mends half a dozen pens in a manner calculated to secure the fineness of their hair-strokes, and, with much agitation, commits some of his own verses to the sacred book, modestly affixing to them his initials only. But now his fate is sealed. The intelligence flies like wild-fire; he is a poet; his verses are the sweetest things ever written. Albums pour in from all quarters, accompanied with most irresistible three-cornered pink-coloured notes: 'Will he do Miss A. the honour?'—'Will he so far oblige Miss B.?'—'Might Miss C. venture to request?' At the same time all the young ladies assure him, that several 'real judges' have pronounced his poetry 'most beautiful.' The Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* said, his 'Lines to —' were full of genius. The Editor of *La Belle Assemblée* said, his 'Stanzas to a Lady' were equal to any thing Moore had ever written. 'Surely he intended publishing.' 'At all events, he should write for the periodicals.' No being claiming kindred with humanity could resist such an attack as this. Without saying a word to



any body, he makes up his mind to write to the editor of the nearest newspaper a letter couched in these terms :—‘ Sir, should the following lines be deemed worthy of a place in your invaluable paper, their insertion will confer a lasting obligation upon, Sir, your obedient servant, X. Y. Z.’ With a beating heart he waits the awful fiat of the editor, and scarcely dares to glance over his columns on the succeeding day of publication. But how does his eye brighten when the identical lines by ‘ X. Y. Z.’ meet his gaze ! A new world opens upon him ; he is now before the public ; his thoughts are esteemed worthy of being submitted to the consideration of his fellow men : the outer gate is passed, how far may he not penetrate into the inner glories of the temple ?

Time rolls on, and he has become a regular contributor to the ‘ Poet’s Corner’ of the newspapers ; and occasionally one or two of his happiest efforts have found their way into magazines. But ‘ increase of appetite grows with what it feeds on.’ He begins to think, that to be an anonymous writer in periodicals is, at best, but a mongrel species of reputation ; his genius is hid under a bushel, and the brilliancy of his effusions may be overlooked amidst the mass of dulness with which they are too often surrounded. He wonders what the expense of publishing a small volume would be. At first he almost starts at his own wonder, and shrinks from the vastness of the idea ; but after the query has once occurred to his mind, he is uneasy until it be answered. He calls upon a bookseller, and in a round about, and what appears to him a particularly ingenious manner, endeavours to worm the information out of him. The bookseller sees at once that he has to deal with a young aspirant for the honours of the muses, and informs him that he will be happy to publish a work of the nature described, provided the author takes all the risk, and allows him (the bookseller) the usual charge of twenty-five per cent. Then come the discovery that the risk will vary from 80*l.* to 100*l.*, the reflections upon the existing state of his finances, and the consultations with friends ; the assurances he receives from them—that is to say from about ten or fifteen people—that they will *all* purchase copies of the work ; his increased confidence ; his belief that the editor of the — newspaper will give him a favourable review ; his palpitations, his hesitations, his determinations. The die is cast—he *will* print : Byron would never have been heard of unless he had printed.

“ Now comes the tug of war ; the revising of manuscripts, and arranging it for

the printer, the sending it to that functionary, the proof sheets, with all their errors on their head—errors enough to drive a poet mad,—the loss of time at press, the fixing of the day of publication, then its postponement, the curiosity of friends, the flurry of the author’s spirits, the dawning of the important day, the advertisement in all the papers—‘ This day is published ;’ the astonishing quietness with which this day, and the next, and the next passes over, the lukewarmness of all common acquaintances, the total apathy of the public at large, the strange inattention of the really candid critics, and the spiteful cavillings of those whose opinions show that they have a personal dislike to the author. All this, and much more, must the writer of ‘ the small volume of miscellaneous poems’ endure ; and the only question that remains is, are there no counterbalancing advantages that make people willing to undergo these evils ?

We believe the most that can be said on this side of the question is, that pleasure always accompanies the gratification of vanity ; and the vanity of seeing oneself in print is of a prevalent, and, in general, a very absorbing kind. One may easily flatter oneself, that to be in print implies an immense deal. It may imply that you are read, and that you are admired,—that you convey instruction, and open up new trains of thought. It may imply that you are now much superior to the common herd, who never were in print, and that you will be treated accordingly in all society. Moreover, it has afforded you an opportunity of putting your sentiments and feelings upon record ; and it has accordingly widely extended the sphere of your sympathies, and recommended you to all those, many of whom you have never seen, whose sentiments and feelings are similar to your own.

“ In all this flattering belief there may be much delusion ; but, nevertheless, you may say with Cicero—

‘ Si erro, libenter erro.’

To be well deceived constitutes one-half the happiness of most men, and almost *all* the happiness of a poet. Besides, there is pleasure, independent of all exterior things, in the indulgence of a poetical temperament, however far that temperament may be distant from the high imaginative and intellectual vigour in which the Delphic god rejoices.

“ In the poetical interregnum which has followed Byron’s decease, no one need despair. The prince is dead, and his successor has not yet been appointed. It is a popular election, the competition is open to all, and the candidates can hardly fail to be nume-



rous. It is not impossible but that the government may be vested, not in one, but in a body of men. In the meantime, public curiosity is awakened,—the bugle is hung up, as in the fairy tale, at the dead king's gate, and whoever can blow it shall reign in his stead;—if the achievement can be performed by none, then must the office go into commission.

"It is idle to tell us that the world will ever grow tired of poetry, or that we have had so much of it of late that there is no occasion for any more for a long while to come. Because the hills and the plains were covered last summer with a thousand flowers, shall we welcome less joyfully the return of the sunny spring, 'with her kirtle of lilies around her glancing?'—shall we hold in less estimation the unbought treasures of green and gold she scatters over the glorious earth? The affections of the heart, the delights of the senses, the perception of the beautiful, must cease,—human nature must be changed,—the soul must be taken out, and the body left to walk on without it, before that species of composition which appeals to the feelings and the fancy, to the intellect and the judgment, will become uninteresting, and of little value. True, prose is the great staple commodity of life. True, also, the mind may be wearied out

with poetry, and, for a time, may turn away from it, like the bee from the blossom, satiated with sweets. But not on these accounts will one of the purest pleasures left to fallen humanity be resigned—the pleasure which the *peri* experiences at the gates of paradise, catching glimpses of a brighter state of existence, and with the aid of imagination gradually inducing forgetfulness of personal exclusion.

"Never while you live breathe with harshness a poet's name. If he has awakened one deeper feeling, one finer emotion, one nobler aspiration,—he has not written in vain. Far distant he may shine, on the very verge of the horizon; but so did the sun itself when it first broke on the gloom of night. Let the pseudo-pretender to the name of minstrel be whipt back into his original obscurity; but if in his bosom there lurk one spark of the diviner essence, cherish it as the fire of an altar, which may yet kindle into a broad and purifying flame."

We have received Dr. Weatherhead's elegant little pamphlet on the Beulah Saline Spa at Norwood, Surrey, and will make a point of entering on the subject in our next.

### Music.

JOHN WEIPPERT'S ORIGINAL PAGANINI QUADRILLES. Arranged for the Piano Forte. WEIPPERT'S 47TH SET, or Union Quadrilles. WEIPPERT'S DEMON QUADRILLES. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

WE have before had occasion to speak in the highest terms of Mr. Weippert's Quadrille Band, which contributes most prominently to the gratification of all the fashionable parties in the kingdom, and it now devolves upon us to report as to the manner in which he has sought to gain favour with the public, in the way of arrangement for the piano forte. The subjects at the head of this notice are lately produced, and certainly are equal, if not superior in merit, to any that have previously been published. The "Paganini" and "Demon" sets are particularly rich and spirited, and we are confident will run through many editions. The "Union" set, being composed of an arrangement of old but popular ballads, is less to our taste (being partial to novelty), although with many they will doubtless prove equal favourites. Altogether we must do Mr. W. the justice to assert, that he is by far the most skilful arranger of quadrilles, and we are sure that

he will be raised highly in the favour of our fair friends by the present contribution to their gratification. On the set of that name there is a very spirited lithograph of "Paganini," and the title of the "Demon" is embellished with five *tableaux*, taken from the opera of *Robert le Diable*, well executed.

WEIPPERT'S GRAND WALTZES. Performed by his Band at St. James's Palace, &c. Goulding and Co.

These are also spirited productions of the same composer, being three waltzes taken from "Guillaume Tell," and as correct in time, and sweet in melodies, as the most inveterate and fastidious waltzer could desire.

THE BETTER LAND; the Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Composed by E. I. Nielson.

A plaintive ballad in B flat, which is accentuated with a pleasing melody to the following beautiful stanzas. They will be recognized by some of our readers as old acquaintance, but are so very beautiful that we are tempted to copy them.

We do not remember to have seen the composer's name before, but, at all events,

he may pride himself on his (if such it be) first graceful effort.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band,  
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle boughs?

'Not there, not there, my child.'

Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?  
'Not there, not there, my child.'

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child."

—  
THE HOUR IS COME. *A duet, written by Thomas Atkinson, Esq. the music by John Turnbull. London, Willis.*

A pleasing but somewhat scientific duet, stated to have been sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, but more, we should imagine, by the latter; considering Mr. W.'s ordinary difficulty of keeping time, he would scarcely be enabled to do justice to it; the music, however, is meritorious, and the poetry good.

## The Drama.

### KING'S THEATRE.

THE approach of the present season was hailed, by all true lovers of the art, as the commencement of a new era in the musical annals of the country. The Opera House and its management, and, through their medium, the musical taste of the nation, were to undergo a thorough regeneration, and Mr. Monck Mason was the great magician who undertook to work the mighty change. The niggardly starvation system was to be abolished for ever, all the established talent of Europe was to be drawn together, and merit, wherever found, was to be liberally encouraged. The works of the really great masters were to be restored to their proper station, and the Opera was to become once more worthy alike the support of the nobleman, and the approbation of the connoisseur. All was congratulation and complacency: in short, a musical millennium seemed approaching.

These delightful anticipations have, unfortunately, not yet been realized: there has been little besides disaster and failure, squabbles and exposures. The only donna of talent yet brought forward is Madame de Meric. There was an attempt to foist on the public a broken-down lady of rank, the Contessa Lazise, who had the temerity, after the divine Pasta, to come out as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's *Otello*. The result was a total failure. As one of the morning papers delicately expressed it, "her physical capabilities were not adequate to the task of giving effect to her conceptions." The audience did not know the airs again; but lest they should not have sufficiently made up their minds, the dose was repeated

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on the next Opera night, and effectually operated as an extinguisher to Madame la Contessa, who has by this time found out that there is no aristocracy in talent, and that a lady among singers is a very different being from a singer among ladies. The *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been attempted, but so cast, and so performed, that, in common charity, we say,

"Oh! breathe not its name, let it rest in the shade,"

till the past is forgotten.

That apology for an opera, *Elisa e Claudio*, has been presented, in a state of mutilation, three times during the past month. Once at a few hour's notice, in lieu of *La Vestale*, which had been some time in preparation, and was announced for the evening: it was suddenly changed, however, after morning rehearsal, and a joint-stock physician's certificate convinced the public that Madame Battiste and Signor Winter were both too unwell to appear. Madame de Meric is deservedly a favourite. Her execution is good, and her intonation perfect. As *Elisa*, her duet with the *Marquis* was sustained with good effect, and her finale was excellently done. The duet, "E Fia ver," between Mariani and Curioni, is good, and was well supported, as was that between Mariani and Vincenzo Galli. Mariani's is a good bass voice, or rather a baritone; his cadences, however, seem to us rather heavy, and his execution, altogether, not the most finished. Signora Albertini is useful in her proper place, but her proper place is not *Rosina*, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*; nor is it such as to entitle



her to introduce a song entirely foreign to the opera, as she has done more than once. This is a reprehensible practice in any case, but the only atonement would be that it should be very well done, if attempted at all. Madame Castelli's shade still walks, and has laudably been provided with a mate, in the ghost of Signor Arnaud. They form good spectacle figures, but have never yet been heard to utter sigh or groan.

*Pietro L'Eremita* has been performed three times. Madame Toso Puzzi made her *début*, as *Agia*, and was half-officially announced as something extraordinary. However, next day, she spoke of terms, and it was then found out by the director that she was not so clever as he had supposed, so she was thenceforward seen no more. We were told, on the first night, that Madame de Meric "kindly consented" to play *Fatima*, and on the second night, in consequence of Madame Puzzi's extinction, that she "kindly consented" to play *Agia*, and that Albertini "kindly consented" to take her part. These amazing condescensions must quite overpower the subscribers! Signor Winter, as *Orosmane*, sung his part with great sweetness, though it seems not at all suited to his style. We remember Curioni to great advantage in the same character, both as to his singing and appearance. The *Norradino* of Mariani would perhaps have passed off well if we had never heard Zuchelli; and it was altogether a novelty to find that splendid scena and aria, "*A Rispettarmi apprenda*," omitted. How was this? it can admit but of one construction. The *Pietro* of Giubilei was a splendid performance. His style of singing is surprisingly improved since we last heard him. His voice is a rich and extensive bass, of the finest quality; and these, combined with the advantages of youth and a fine figure, bid fair to make him one of the brightest ornaments of the Italian stage. His "*Eterno, immenso*," was sung in a pure, classical, and energetic style.

*La Vestale*, after so many disappointments, made her appearance on Saturday evening, the 24th ult. Spontini's works are little known in this country. The opera before us was composed by him twenty-five years ago, for the French theatre, and the words have lost much in rendering into the Italian. The *debutante* of the evening was Madame Battiste. For her person, she would be worth her weight in gold in China, where bulk is the standard of perfection. As regards her voice, it is powerful, but not sufficiently extensive for the part she undertook. Madame Meric was evidently labouring under great fatigue, or

a cold. Winter was a complete *icicle* in his part. The chief interest lay in the temple scene in the second act, between the *Vestale* (Meric) and the grand *Sacerdote* (Giubilei). Their acting and singing in this scene were replete with beautiful expression and energy. This opera finished in a very strange way, without finale or apparent conclusion, but merged into the ballet, and the audience had no reason to know that the opera was over till the curtain dropped on the conclusion of the dancing. The chorusses were very badly managed, and the orchestra could not have played worse. They do not seem to know the difference between a pianissimo and a fortissimo, and their time-keeping is abominable. With such men as Spagnoletti, Lindley, and Dragonetti, among them, this is truly surprising, and can only arise from indifference and a total absence of discipline. Perhaps they are not paid well enough to make it worth their while to take any trouble about it. The ballet department of the orchestra, led by Nadaud, is, however, much better managed. There has been very little variety of ballet yet. *La Somnambule*, and *Une Heure a Naples*, have been the extent hitherto. Madame Lecomte's acting and dancing in *La Somnambule* are splendid. The two Alberts are the main support of the male department; but we will defer a fuller critique on this division of the subject until we have seen what is to be the grand ballet of the season, Albert's *Anneau Magique*.

The house is considerably improved in its decorations, which are of a lighter and more cheerful character than heretofore. The central chandelier seems to us, conformably to the retrenching spirit of the times, curtailed in its glass and its gas too, but as we have managed to see pretty well we must be content.

One word more, and we have done. The old negligence as to consistency of costume is still permitted. In *Elisa e Claudio*, the count and the marquis are dressed in the antique style of seventy years since, while Curioni and Arnaud wear the same frock coats, trousers, and boots, in which they promenaded the Quadrant in the morning. This slovenliness is inexcusable, and a lesson might be taken on this head from the Kembles.

In fine, the new director has promised such great things, and, as yet, performed such little ones, that if he means to redeem his reputation he has an arduous task for the rest of the season. He will find that the Opera throne is not a bed of roses; and though he may feel nettled at the freedom of our remarks, yet we trust he will



consider them to have been dictated by an ardent love of the science, the purest goodwill to the establishment of which he has constituted himself "Le grand Sacerdote," and the highest respect for the spirit which has induced him to stand forth, the champion or the victim of this chivalrous attempt to revive our faded laurels as a musical nation.

—  
DRURY LANE.

A new opera was produced here on Tuesday, the 20th ult. entitled *The Alchymist*. We have constantly had occasion to laud the praiseworthy exertion and zeal exhibited by the manager of this establishment in catering for the public gratification, but we certainly think, however great his anxiety to merit success, and his disregard of expense at all times in attaining it, in no one instance has he so fully become entitled to the warmest encomiums from the public, as in the present. We last month reported the production of a costly and beautiful opera, replete with melodies the most sweet, scenery the most exquisitely painted, and pageantry the most gorgeous and splendid; and now we have to announce the complete success of another, in every respect its equal, and in many points even superior; and which ought more lastingly to remain in favour. The plot is founded on Washington Irving's tale, and is pretty nearly as follows:—*Inez* (Miss Pearson), the daughter of an old alchymist (*Seguin*), whose only care, besides her, has been, through his life long, the discovery of the philosopher's stone, has two lovers; one of whom, *Don Alonzo* (Wood), who is a student at Salamanca, having seen her, becomes enamoured, serenades her, and ultimately finds his way into her good graces by saving her father and herself from destruction, through the explosion of the laboratory of the former. *Don Ramiro* (Phillips), the rival, unknown to her father, contrives also to introduce himself to the fair *Inez*, and, by his showy attractions, manages to make some impression on her heart. *Ramiro* resolves to obtain possession of her person by gentle means or violence, and finding the former unavailing, in consequence of his rival, he procures the assistance of a body of gipsies to effect the latter; and they, disguised as Andalusian peasants, endeavour to beguile the old alchymist and *Alonzo* from the protecting *Inez*, while enjoying the illuminated gardens of Granada by moonlight. The opportune arrival of alguazils and a body of soldiers, however, defeats this plan, when the music and dancing of the gipsies had almost succeeded in throwing the party into their hands. This

deliverance is principally effected through *Sybella*, a Morisco girl (Mrs. Wood), who had been seduced from her home and betrayed by *Don Ramiro*. He endeavours to make her a party to the plot against *Inez*, which she only participates in to render it abortive. Having failed in this attempt, *Ramiro* then denounces the old alchymist as a sorcerer to the Inquisition. A subterranean passage communicates from *Ramiro's* palace to the old man's laboratory, which the former had rebuilt after its late conflagration, and through this the Morisco girl introduces herself to the astonished alchymist, as the spirit of the philosopher's stone. Unhappily, in the midst of his exultation at such a vision, the familiars enter and seize him, and he is dragged off to the dungeons of the Inquisition, where an excellent piece of machinery presents to him in his sleep a vision of his own studio, his supposed spirit, his acquirement of the stone, and, immediately, enthrallment by a score of imps to the realms below. From this very pleasing dream, the old man rises very much refreshed of course, but at the same time it serves to divert him from his beloved pursuit. In the meantime his daughter is induced, on the supposition of being led to him, to follow an agent of *Ramiro*, into whose hands she falls; is again rescued by *Sybella*, and, under her guidance, reaches Grenada, just as her father is about to be burnt. The procession of the Inquisition marches in with *San Benitos*, &c. *Alonzo*, however, turns out to be the son of a great noble—establishes the alchymist's innocence, and obtains his release. Just as this is being accomplished, *Ramiro* rushes in in pursuit of his fair victim—is repulsed by *Alonzo*—draws—they fight, and he is killed. *Sybella*, whose love for him unkindness had not extinguished, goes distracted, and after singing some snatches of several of the airs of the opera, (similar to the manner of the part of *Massaniello*,) falls dead on *Ramiro's* body. The curtain then descends, and the opera is concluded.

The music is selected entirely from various operas by Louis Spohr. This task has devolved on Bishop, and we must say, had it been entrusted to other hands, we are firm in our conviction that it would have been rendered infinitely more suitable to an English taste, and, indeed, musically considered, as an opera far more pleasing. We do not wish to detract from that which Mr. Bishop has effected, but we must condemn him for the want of spirit which pervades the whole of his arrangement. The melodies throughout are in the highest degree chaste and pleasing, but, for want of relief and contrast, are rendered to the ear

uneducated in music somewhat monotonous. The music of Sphor is invariably of a very scientific character, and heavy; the aim of the arranger, therefore, in selecting a number of pieces of similar construction, should have been to have invested the accompaniments, symphonies, and occasional music, with as much spirit and diversity as possible, so as to avoid palling the ear by too great a similarity—and especially considering that the unmusical ears of an English audience were to be humoured. But we fear "the sun of" Bishop's "glory is set," and his musical tact on the wane. From what we have stated in this respect, however, it must not be inferred that we are displeased with the effect produced by the music, which is of a very sweet and beautiful character. The vocal parts are sustained throughout with great *éclat*, and, indeed, every portion was produced with talent and ability. Mrs. Wood sustained the part of *Sybella* with a most praiseworthy attention to genuine taste and feeling. Her acting was excellent, and her singing throughout the whole opera more to our taste than on any previous occasion. She sang one ballad—oh! to her great credit be it recorded—without ornament, and most exquisitely was it given. We thank her too for the pleasing recollection which it gave us of our favourite, Miss Stephens—in the style of whose singing Mrs. Wood delivered several passages very perfectly. In a later portion of the opera, where more execution was called for, she was, as usual, quite at home; and indeed, in one bravura of extreme difficulty, executed her task à *mervielle*. Miss Pearson sang most sweetly, and merited our warmest encomiums, not only for the manner in which she executed this portion, but also for the pathos and good judgment displayed in the performance of her part, which was one of great difficulty. She was warmly applauded. Phillips was in excellent voice, and got encored in one song, which we expect to see shortly at the pianos of all our fair acquaintance. Seguin played the old alchymist well, and sang equally so. Wood (more at home than usual as the lover) and Templeton sang prettily. The choruses were complete, and, under good management, contributed greatly to the effect of the opera. There are several peculiarly good new scenes, which pleased highly, and the dresses throughout were excellent. Some dancing was introduced; amongst others, a Mr. Gilbert appeared. He is, without exception, the most spirited and graceful English dancer we ever saw on the stage. In conclusion, we must speak very highly of this opera, and give it our warm recom-

mendation; and whether its career is destined to be long or brief, must assert that it is, at all events, worthy of very extended patronage.

The oratorios this season, notwithstanding the excellent singing of all the best talent of the establishment, with some additions, have proved but moderately successful. We could have foreboded as much. Unless Bishop will make a more judicious selection, these performances must continue to fail in attraction.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

The grand attraction at this theatre has been the tragedy of *Francis the First*, by Miss Fanny Kemble. It is astonishing with what varied comments its appearance has been hailed: by some it is extolled as a *chef d'œuvre* of genius, by others it is barely allowed to possess the form without the spirit of dramatic excellence—we coincide with neither. We regard it certainly as a successful performance, particularly when we recollect that it is the work of a lady, a very young one too, who, however eminently gifted, can hardly be supposed to possess that daring originality of thought, that fitful and fiery energy of mind and passion, which appear to us to belong peculiarly to tragedy. "Women," said Byron in one of his letters, "Women cannot write tragedy; they have not seen nor felt enough of life for it." There are thoughts and there are actions with which they cannot sufficiently familiarize their contemplations, and which are, nevertheless, its essential ingredients. *Francis the First* is, in truth, an historical drama, (although we cannot but think that a stricter adherence to the original in the character of the *Duc de Bourbon*, a little more of the *high-minded* infused into his thoughts and actions, would have given us a nobler hero, and, at the same time, a more faithful transcript of the man;) and the success with which, in representation, it has met, must be extremely gratifying to its amiable and accomplished author. She is deservedly a favourite with the public, and she has not a more enthusiastic admirer than our humble self; yet we cannot accord so extravagant a meed of praise to her production as has been lavished on it by some critics, who, if we may judge from their chivalrous advocacy, are ready to mount their jaded Rosinantes, and, setting lance in rest, to challenge every opponent to their literary fiat, for, in sooth, this is not the way to nourish genius. We are willing, however, to assure our readers that it possesses many marks of future greatness—much promise of good to come. It contains many splendid passages, and the ex-



treme youth of Miss Kemble considered, it is, indeed, a surprising work; and we doubt not, that with her powers of observation, and the high discriminating judgment which she possesses, she will yet prove herself capable even of better things.

Miss Kemble represented *Louisa of Savoy*, the passionate—the proud, and her acting was fine and greatly effective. Miss Taylor appeared as the mild and gentle *Margaret of Valois*, and did great justice to her part. The character of the feminine and unfortunate *Françoise de Foix*, which perhaps contains the most felicitous development of Miss Kemble's powers, was charmingly enacted by Miss E. Tree; and Kemble himself, as the haughty, overbearing, ambitious *De Bourbon*, performed to admiration—he was full of pride, and power, and energy; while Messrs. Mason, Warde, Diddear, Keeley, and Baker, played their parts with considerable *éclat*. We select, as a short specimen of the style, a portion of the scene wherein *Margaret* visits *De Bourbon* in prison.

*Bourbon.*

Lady, you speak in vain.

*Margaret.*

I do beseech thee!

Oh, *Bourbon*! *Bourbon*! 'twas but yesterday

That thou didst vow eternal love to me;  
Now, hither have I wended to your prison,  
And, spite of maiden pride and fearfulness,  
Held parley with thy guards to win my way.  
I've moved their iron natures with my tears;  
Which seem'd as they would melt the very  
stones

Whereon they fell so fast. I do implore thee,

Speak to me, *Bourbon*!—but a word—one word!

I never bowed my knee to aught of earth,  
Ere this; but I have ever seen around me,  
Others who knelt, and worshipp'd princes' favours:

From them, or rather from my love, I learn  
The humble seeming of a suppliant;—  
Upon my bended knees, I do implore thee,—  
Look not, or speak not, if thou so hast sworn,—

But take the freedom that my gold hath bought thee:

Away! nor let these eyes behold thy death!

*Bourbon.*

You are deceiv'd, lady, they will not dare  
To take my life.

*Margaret.*

'Tis thou that art deceived!

What! talk'st thou of not daring;—dost thou see

Yon sun that flames above the earth? I tell thee,

That if my mother had but bent her will  
To win that sun, she would accomplish it.

*Bourbon.*

My life is little worth to any now,  
Nor have I any, who shall after me  
Inherit my proud name.

*Margaret.*

Hold, there, my lord!—

Posterity, to whom great men and their  
Fair names belong, is your inheritor.

Your country, from whose kings your house  
had birth,

Claims of you, sir, your high and spotless  
name!—

Fame craves of you; for when there be none  
Bearing the blood of mighty men, to bear  
Their virtues also,—Fame emblazons them  
Upon her flag, which o'er the world she  
waves,

Persuading others to like glorious deeds.

Oh! will you die upon a public scaffold?

Beneath the hands o' th' executioner!

Shall the vile rabble bait you to your death!

Shall they applaud and make your fate a tale  
For taverns, and the busy city streets?

And in the wide hereafter—for the which

All warriors hope to live,—shall your proud  
name

Be bandied to and fro by foul tradition,—

Branded and curst, as rebel's name should  
be?

*Bourbon.*

No! light that curse on those who made  
me such—

Who stole my well-earn'd honours from my  
brow,

And gave such guerdon to whole years of  
service!

Light the foul curse of black ingratitude,—

Of shame and bitter sorrow,—and the sharp

Reproving voice of after times and men,—

Upon the heartless boy who knew not how

To prize his subject's love! A tenfold curse

Light on that royal harlot—

*Margaret.*

Oh! no more—

*Bourbon.*

Nay, maiden, 'tis in vain! for thou shalt  
hear me!

Drink to the dregs the knowledge thou hast  
forced,

And dare upbraid me, even with a look:

Had I but loved thy mother more— thee less,

I might this hour have stood upon a throne!

Ay, start! I tell thee, that the Queen thy  
mother

Hath loved—doth love me with the fierce  
desires

Of her unbridled nature; she hath thrown

Her crown, her kingdom, and herself be-  
fore me;

And but I loved thee more than all the  
world,



I might have wed Louisa of Savoy!  
 Now stare, and shudder,—freeze thyself to  
 marble;—  
 Now say where best the meed of praise is  
 due,—  
 Now look upon these prison walls,—these  
 chains,—  
 And bid me rein my anger!  
 Margaret.

Oh, be silent!  
 For you have rent in twain the sacred'st veil  
 That ever hung upon the eyes of innocence.

*Born to Good Luck, or the Irishman's Fortune*, a brilliant and amusing bagatelle, has also been produced at this theatre. It is adapted from an old opera, by Mr. Power, and performed with very great success,

owing, we think, to the principal character being so admirably sustained by Power himself.

#### COBURG.

Among the novelties lately produced at this house *Paul Clifford* appears to be a decided favourite. It is adapted, we understand, by Webster, the performer, from Mr. Bulwer's novel. The part of the hero was performed by Serle, who certainly had much to do, but, as usual, "he did that much well." Webster took the character of *Augustus Tomlinson*, and threw a good deal of humour into the part. The audience appeared highly delighted.

### THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

#### DINNER DRESS.

A GRASS green satin round dress; a low corsage, with a plain back, and the front arranged in crossed drapery. A falling tucker of blond lace is set on full, very deep behind and on the shoulders, but shallower in front. *Bouffant* sleeves, which are divided into compartments, each ornamented with a knot of gauze riband to correspond with the dress; long ends of riband float loosely from each knot. The skirt is trimmed with a single fall of blond lace, headed by a satin rouleau. The hat is of violet velvet; a low crown, and small round brim, trimmed on the inside with a rosette of violet gauze riband; knots of riband, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, adorn the crown. Ear-rings and necklace, diamonds.

#### BALL DRESS.

A pink crape dress over white satin; a low corsage, disposed in drapery round the upper part of the bust, and pointed at the waist. *Beret* sleeves, with jockeys composed of a triple quilling of white crape; a single quilling terminates the sleeve. The skirt is slashed on each side of the front; the white satin under dress is visible through the slashes: they are ornamented with bouquets of fancy flowers, placed at regular distances. The *coiffure* is *à la Fontange*, very low behind, in corkscrew ringlets at the sides of the face, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers, which encircles the hind hair. Necklace, bandeau, and ear-rings, fancy jewellery.

#### EVENING DRESS.

A white gaze cashmيرienne dress, embroidered *à l'Esmeralda*, in a highly raised pattern, in floize silk; the colours are citron, green, blue, and pink. *Corsage, à la Sevigné*,

cut very low, and bordered with blond lace. *Beret* sleeves, surmounted by jockeys trimmed with blond lace. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged behind in bows, formed of plaited braids on one side of the summit of the head, the ends of the braids are disposed in a full tuft of curls on the other. A white ostrich feather decorates the hind hair, and a bandeau of gold chain, of very light workmanship, is brought low upon the forehead. Gold necklace and ear-rings.

#### CONCERT DRESS.

It is composed of *violette des bois* satin; the corsage is made to set close to the shape, and low: it is trimmed *en revers*, with velvet to correspond: the revers is bordered with black blond lace: it forms pointed *mancherons*, over white gaze cashmيرienne. Sleeves of the *imbecille* shape. The head-dress is a green velvet hat, trimmed under the brim with a satin band, and a sprig of gold foliage. The crown is adorned with two satin *noëuds*, in each of which is inserted the plumage of a bird of Paradise. Necklace and ear-rings, fancy jewellery. Scarf of white gaze cashmيرienne.

#### GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Velvet mantles are now no longer seen in carriage dress, and silk ones but rarely. Silk dresses, of the pelisse kind, with large mantilla capes, are beginning to be very generally adopted. The corsage is made high and plain, with a square falling collar. The pelerine is pointed on each side of the front, and in the centre of the back, and is larger than any we have yet seen. The sleeves are still enormously wide, and much puffed out on the shoulder; they are easy, but not wide, from the elbow to the





DINNER DRESS.

BALL DRESS.





EVENING DRESS.

CONCERT DRESS.

*Engraved expressly for the Ladies Museum New & Improved Series April, 1832.*



wrist, where they set quite close to the arm. Some of these dresses fasten down the front imperceptibly; others are closed by knots of the same material, of a new and very pretty shape, edged with a narrow silk fancy trimming. Muffs, and palatine fur tippets, are now rarely seen either in carriage or promenade dress, but boas still continue to be generally adopted, and those of dark sable are quite as much in request as they were in the middle of winter.

There is not yet much change in bonnets either in promenade or carriage dress. We have seen some in the former of *gros des Indes*: they are of the *capote* shape, but the brims are not so close, nor so long at the ears, as those worn during the winter: they are trimmed with gauze riband, either striped or figured, and of a very rich kind. We have seen several with the riband disposed in *aigrettes*: this is much too dressy a style of trimming for walking bonnets: those that have the ribands arranged in a *naud*, *en chere*, in front of the crown, and a rosette, with short ends behind, are much more appropriate.

Some of the new carriage bonnets are of *gros des Indes*, but *moire* is more fashionable. The most novel have the brim turned back so as to form a rouleau round the edge. The crown, which is of the helmet shape, is trimmed with a drapery that falls over one side, and is edged with blond lace. Some carriage bonnets are trimmed with three short ostrich feathers, each placed one above the other, in a perpendicular direction, in front of the crown; they are put near the top. There is an ornament at the base of the bouquet, something in the form of a butterfly, composed of the material of the bonnet, and edged with narrow blond lace. Red lilac, emerald-green, and *bleu Adelaide*, are colours most in favour for carriage bonnets.

Watered silk is becoming very fashionable for dinner dress. One of the most elegant of those we have lately seen has a *corsage*, *à la vierge*, trimmed with a lappel of the same material, of an entirely new form; it is cut round in scallops, which are very shallow on the back and front of the bust, but deep upon the shoulders, where they form jockeys; they are edged with narrow blond lace, of an excessively light pattern. *Beret* sleeves, terminated *en manchette*, with blond lace, ornamented with a bouquet, consisting of a white rose, with buds and foliage, placed in the centre of the sleeve, and attached to it by a *naud* of blue gauze riband, (the colour of the dress,) figured with white. A single fall of very deep blond lace is set on round the skirt; it is surmounted by a twisted rou-

leau of gauze riband, and is looped at the right knee by a bouquet of white roses, which is attached to the dress by a knot of gauze riband with very long ends.

Crape and gauze are equally fashionable for ball dress. *Corsages* are *à la Grecque*, very low and square. *Beret* or *bouffant* sleeves. Several ball dresses are trimmed with riband, disposed in *nauds*, or in imitation of flowers; others are adorned with flowers; and we see a good many that have ribands arranged in a drapery style, and attached to the dress by bouquets of flowers.

The newest style of *coiffure* in evening dress is that *à la Fontange*. The hair is also worn in braids before, and low bows behind, with two or three single flowers inserted among the bows, and a *ferronière* brought high across the forehead.

Fashionable colours are violet, different shades of slate-colour and rose-colour, emerald-green, *bleu Adelaide*, and red lilac.

#### STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN MARCH.

There is some change, though no actual novelty, in promenade dress at present. Mantles are still worn by several *élégantes*, but they are either of silk or cachemire; those of velvet have entirely disappeared. Shawls are also in favour, and high silk dresses, with velvet pelerines, such as were worn in the autumn, are very numerous. A few spring bonnets, composed of *moire* or *gros d'Orient*, have been seen within the last few days in the promenades; they are of the cottage shape, and, with one exception, have no other trimming than a simple band of riband, which crosses in front of the crown, descends obliquely on the brim, and ties under the chin. The exception to this rule is also a bonnet of the cottage shape, but with the crown ornamented by a drapery of the same material, which traverses it obliquely, and is edged with narrow blond lace; the drapery is of the *fichu* shape; one end forms a point behind in the centre of a round rosette of gauze riband; the other forms part of a *naud*, also of the material of the bonnet, and trimmed with blond lace, which is placed on one side of the crown before, at the base of a bouquet of primroses.

Ball dress alone presents us with any novelty worth recording this month. The court balls and those of the nobility offer splendid costumes. Gauze dresses, sprigged with gold or silver, and trimmed round the border with a wreath of flowers, embroidered either in gold or silver, with foliage of various shades of green. Other dresses are of crape, a plain ground with a border embroidered in ears of gold or silver corn, inter-



mixed with flowers in silks of the natural colours. For ladies who do not dance, *moire* dresses profusely trimmed with blond are most in request. *Corsages* are of the Grecian form, with *hérét* or *bouffant* sleeves, ornamented either with bouquets of flowers or *nauds de page* of gold or silver riband. The hair is dressed either *a la Grecque*, or in the *demi Anglaise* style. *Coiffures* of the first kind have experienced a good many modifications. Some have the knot of hair higher behind; others have a small ringlet or two at the sides of the face in front. The *coiffures demi Anglaise* are curled in ringlets before, and disposed in low bows mingled with plaited braids behind. *Chaperons* of flowers generally encircle the hind hair, and bandeaus of precious stones go round the forehead; if feathers are employed, they are mingled with *epis* of diamonds. Fancy jewellery is also a good deal used to decorate the hair in full dress.

For balls of a less splendid description, crape and gauze dresses, trimmed with ribands, which are sometimes slightly intermixed with flowers, are very fashionable. The newest style of *corsage* is one ornamented with ribands, which form a *cœur*. We see also a good many Grecian *corsages*. The sleeves are almost invariably adorned

with ribands, disposed either in *nauds de page*, or cut ends. Riband trimmings are disposed either in bands interspersed with *nauds*, in which bouquets of flowers are sometimes inserted, or else they are arranged in twisted rouleaus forming leaves, each ornamented with a flower, or a knot of riband affixed to the point that turns upwards.

The hair is dressed as described above, but ornamented with flowers or knots of riband. We see a good many *coiffures* decorated with the latter. A favourite style of head-dress for ladies who do not dance, is composed of a crape or gauze scarf, arranged on the head something in the *beret* style, but presenting in front a *naud en papillon*. A bouquet, composed of three marabout feathers, is attached by a clasp of fancy jewellery in front between the bows, and droops to the left side. Another tasteful head-dress is composed of blond lace; it also resembles a *beret*, but is so arranged that bows of hair protrude through it. It is adorned with flowers inserted in different parts of the *coiffure*. The colours most in request are Indian green, pearl grey, *rose de parnasses*, celestial blue, violet, and canary colour.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

In Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Fairfax, of a son. At Willenball House, East Barnet, Herts. the lady of Thomas Wyatt, Esq. of a son. At Cheltenham, the lady of Adam Durnford Gordon, Esq. formerly of the Bengal Military Service, of a daughter. At Manchester, the lady of Lieut. Col. D. Pitt, of the 80th regiment, of a son. In Eaton Place, the lady of William Ewart, Esq. M.P. of a daughter. At Trematon Castle, Cornwall, the lady of Captain John Jervis Tucker, R.N. of a daughter. At Fintray House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of Cragievar, of a daughter. At Mitcham, Surrey, the lady of Robert Dent, Esq. of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

At Florence, Captain Oakes, R.N. second son of Osbell Roy Oakes, Esq. of Newton, and Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, to Caroline, youngest daughter of William Bryan, Esq. The Rev. Henry Berners Shelley Harris, to Louisa, third daughter of the late Sir R. Brooke de Capel Brooke, Bart. of Great Oakley House. At North Berwick, Captain H. W. Bruce, R.N. and

second son of the late Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart. of Downhill, Londonderry, to Mary Minchin, youngest daughter of the late Col. George Dalrymple. At the British Embassy at Paris, J. C. Campbell, Esq. of the 45th regiment, to Lisetta, eldest daughter of R. Daunt, Esq. At Westbourne, George Alexander, Esq. M.D. East India Company's Service, to Elizabeth Croswell, fifth daughter of the late John Cousens, Esq. of Prinsted Lodge, Sussex.

### DEATHS.

Mrs. Fuseli, aged 69, relict of Henry Fuseli, Esq. Keeper of, and Professor in, Painting to the Royal Academy of London. At the Vicarage, Great Baddow, aged 27, T. A. Trant, Esq. Captain in the 28th regiment, and only son of Major-General Sir Nicholas Trant. At Ludlow, Sarah, relict of Admiral Vashon, and sister to the late Admiral Peter Ranier. At Stevenson House, in East Lothian, the youngest daughter of Sir J. and Lady Sinclair. At Barking-side, Essex, Mrs. Boreham, in her 100th year. In Langham Place, F. Musgrave, third son of Sir J. Langham. At Great Malvern, Sarah, the wife of Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. of Boultonbrooke.





*Drawn expressly for the*  
**Ladies Museum.**

*Printed by C. Hullmandel*